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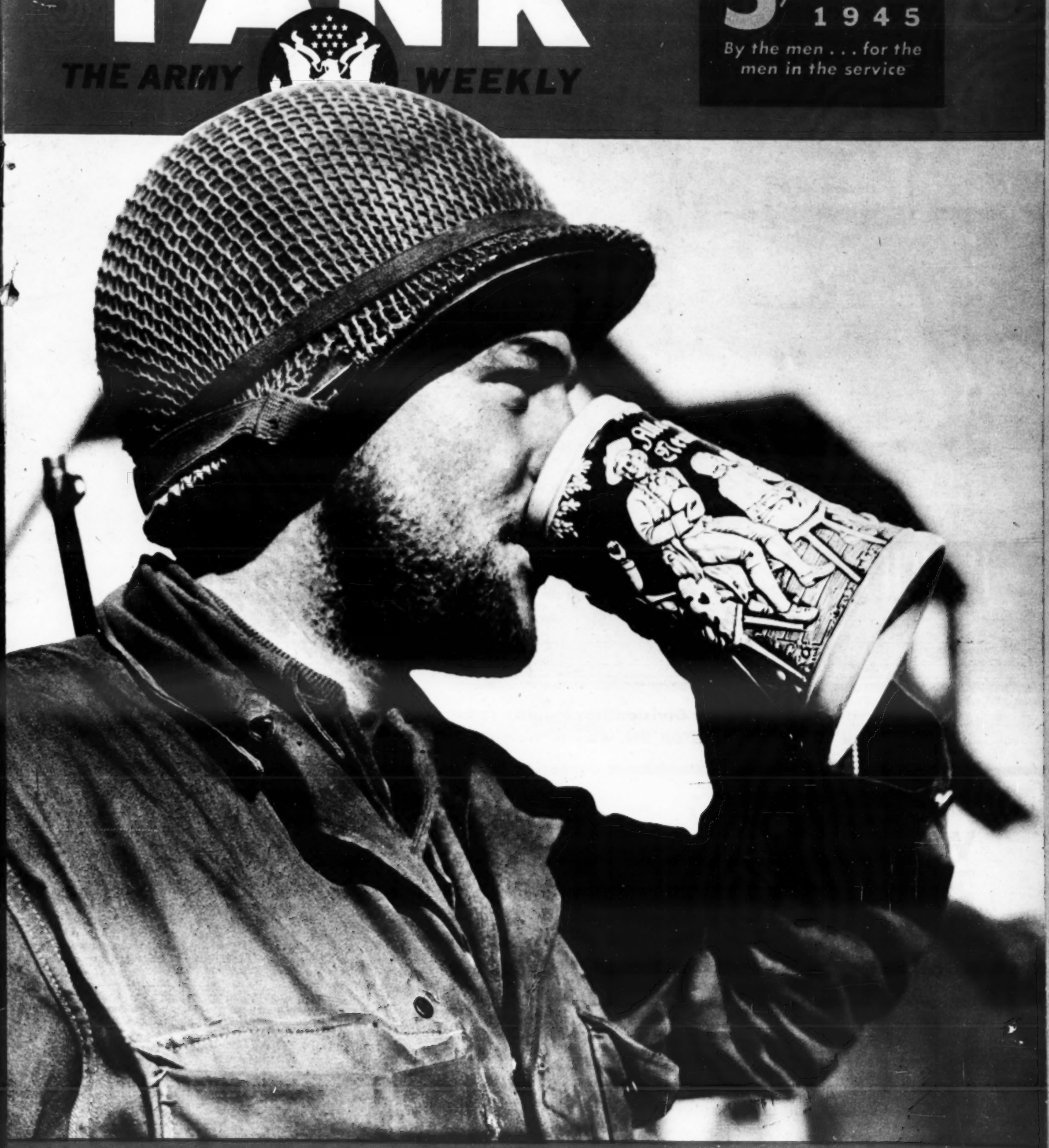
By the men . . . for the men in the service



The 1st Division—From Fort Devens to Germany

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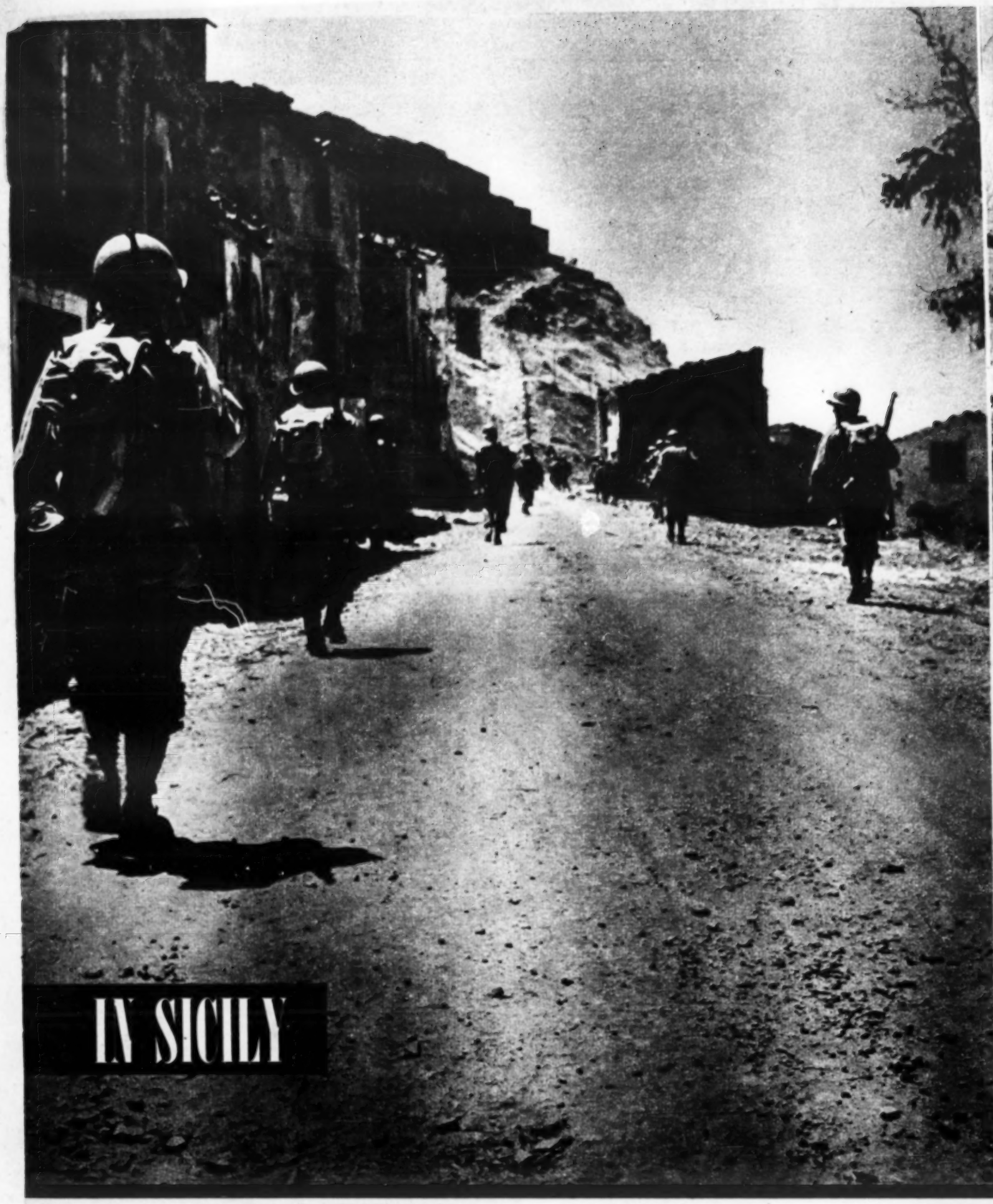


It took the men of the 1st Division three years to become veterans. They made the long journey from Germany with stop-overs on the way in North Africa and Sicily and England and in Normandy.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 1ST DIVISION IN GERMANY—There were numerous "incidents" when the 1st Division got back to Oran after the battle of Tunisia.

Until then the Red One had liked to think of Oran as their town. After all, they had made an assault landing on November 8, 1942, and there had been some fighting there—insignificant fighting compared, for example, with Kasserine—but some members of the First had been killed and some wounded.

And thinking of Oran from the distance of Faid Pass it had seemed, nostalgically, like a modern metropolis.

Reality was considerable of a let-down.

In the first place, passes were not issued until 6; it took an hour to get to town from bivouac area, and the bars closed at 8. In the second place, members of the First were almost the only troops in the overcrowded, foul-smelling town wearing ODs. Everybody else was neatly dressed in suntans. Also, most of the rear-echelon troops were wearing campaign ribbons, which the men of the First had never seen before.

A rifleman of the First would go up to a NATOUSA clerk, point menacingly at his ribbon and inquire: "Were you at El Guettar?"

"No," the perturbed clerk would answer.

"How about Kasserine?"

"No."

"St. Cloud?"

"No."

"Then take off that goddam ribbon," the embittered doughboy would say, tearing the decoration from the clerk's clean khakis and pinning it on his own grimy OD shirt.

By this time a crowd of other 1st Division men, mixed with SOS troops, would have gathered, and often a minor riot would follow, with anywhere from one to a dozen 1st Division men in jail for the night.

"We were bitter then," says T/Sgt. Lawrence Zieckler of the 16th Infantry, one of the less-than-a-hundred officers and men in the entire division who have taken part in all its seven campaigns, one of a handful—no one seems to know just how many—still left who sailed from New York in August 1942. "Actually," Zieckler says, "what really peed us off was that we thought we were going home after Tunisia."

No one remembers how the rumor started—maybe it was a propaganda broadcast from the Germans, maybe a misdirected statement by some high brass—but the idea spread throughout the division, and even battalion and regimental COs believed it. Ernie Pyle wrote some columns on the subject. The First expected to go home.

"Instead," explained Zieckler, who was a truck driver in Reading, Pa., before he joined the Army, "we began practicing beach landings again, and we knew damn well that we weren't going to make an assault on Coney Island."

All that was almost two years, two assault landings—Sicily and Normandy—and God and the division historian know how many hills and rivers and towns and liberated and conquered miles and Purple Hearts ago.

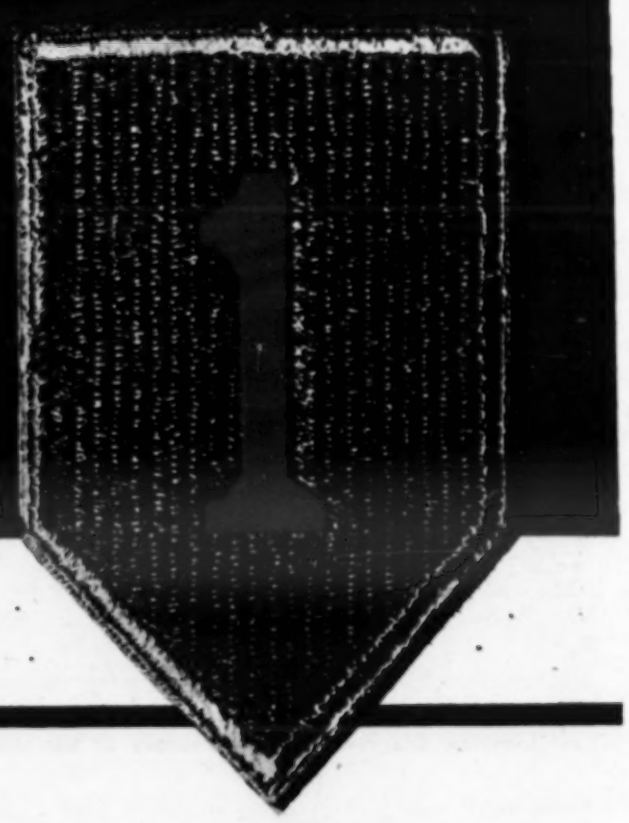
But the few of the old bunch who are left are no longer as bitter as they were in Oran. "Resigned" is a better word to describe them now.

"You get bitter when everything is kind of new," explains T/Sgt. Max Bloom, who joined the First in those early days in 1940 when it was made up largely of men from his home town, Brooklyn, and the Bronx and Manhattan, plus, of course, Regular Army career men from all over the country—men doing their second and third hitches in the First, the oldest division in the U. S. Army.

"Eventually you don't expect anything. I mean you give up. These kids, these reinforcements, they always think we'll be called back to a rest area or get furloughs in Paris or be rotated or have two weeks in England or be relieved or something.

"'Dream on,' I tell them, 'dream on.' I used to think about going home—two years ago. Like we used to have a saying, 'What do you expect—eggs in your beer?' Now we say, 'What do you expect—beer?' Joke."

The Red ONE



Fort Devens, Mass., to the plains of Now they would like a taste of home.

Rotation has always been something veterans of the First understood the War Department had a policy on, but whatever the policy is, it has never until very recently affected them. There was one man rotated after the Sicilian campaign —no one seems to remember his name now or what happened to him—but then the division left the Mediterranean Theater and shipped to England.

"And then," according to T/Sgt. John Parker of Heidelberg, Miss., a platoon sergeant of the 26th Infantry, "everybody says: 'Rotation? There's no rotation in the ETO. Never heard of it.' Besides, we were getting ready for an invasion. In Normandy, I mean."

Parker, one of five riflemen, two cooks and two jeep drivers still with Company E who landed with the First in North Africa, has had a pass, though—one pass in almost 400 days of combat. It came shortly after he and seven men in his platoon escaped from Morade, Germany, just outside the Huertgen Forest. Two entire companies were wiped out in Morade, and Parker had spent 28 continuous days on the line during and after the Battle of the Bulge.

He had five days and nights in Paris.

"Wonderful damned town," he says. "They used to say we could see it last August—if we stood on a very high hill on a very clear day. Wonderful damned town. I never got to London."

Even before the First shipped overseas there didn't seem to be many furloughs. When the division got back to Fort Devens on the evening of December 6, 1941, just after the First Army Carolina maneuvers, nearly everybody was planning to go home for Christmas. The year 1941 had been pretty tough—tough as years went back then. There had been practice landings at Buzzards Bay, Mass., and at New River, N. C., and in Puerto Rico, and part of the 16th and 18th had made landings on Calebra near Martinique.

And brass used to come down from Washington to watch the First in training and say: "We're expecting big things of you boys, you know. Tradition, you know. The Fighting First, you know."

Talk about fighting had seemed a little remote at the time, although selectees had started drifting in during spring and summer, and they and the men who joined up for one year—"to get it over with"—were sweating it out with Congress. The Regular Army men weren't much interested, but everyone else was sure there wasn't the slightest chance that Selective Service would be extended. There wasn't war, and there wasn't going to be one. Many of the military experts were saying that Hitler had shot his wad when he drove the British off the beaches at Dieppe, and a New York newspaper was running a series of articles on "How to Beat the Japs in 60 Days."

A lot of men got drunk on the night of August 12—when the House of Representatives extended the draft for another 18 months by a margin of one vote. And there was still talk about "OHIO," which in those days meant "Over the Hill in October." There were "OHIO" clubs at every post at which the First trained that summer and fall.

But by December 6, nobody in the First had gone over the hill, and the Carolina maneuvers were over—for another year, at least, everybody thought—and almost everybody had a pass to Boston for the evening. The old-timers remember that particular afternoon because, as the First marched into Devens, Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt Jr., the assistant division CG who died in France last summer, had the post band play his favorite, "Old Soldiers Never Die."

After chow, S/Sgt. Josiah N. Barton of Lanesboro, Pa., packed and listened to a news broadcast about Jap negotiations in Washington. He was ready to leave for home the next afternoon when somebody ran in the barracks and shouted that Pearl Harbor had been bombed.

"I said 'Goddam,'" Barton recalls, "that's all I said, just 'Goddam,' and I tore up my furlough papers." The following November Barton was the second man to hit the beach at Oran, and he's been in all of the First's six campaigns since. But he's still sweating out a furlough.

After Pearl Harbor, there were practice landings at Virginia Beach, with the 29th Division defending the shore. Part of the 29th was with the First again on D-Day in Normandy.

At Blanding that spring there were a few fracases when some members of the 36th Division, now with the Seventh Army in Germany, demanded that everyone stand at attention whenever the band played, "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

When the Red One got to Indiantown Gap on June 21, the men were ready for shipment, except for the issuing of a few items of combat equipment, including the very latest thing for killing Germans and Japs—trench knives with brass knuckles. What few knives were left after the Tunisian campaign were almost immediately traded for *vino* in Oran. Bayonets were another weapon alleged to be important back in the States, but nobody seems to have used one since.

Although a few headquarters officers and men sailed for England on June 30, the bulk of the First left on August 2.

"I took one long look at that skyline," says Sgt.

Time in combat has a sameness, a kind of dreadful monotony that runs days and nights together.

Joseph Balazas of Kearny, N. J., the only remaining enlisted man in Company B of the 18th who sailed with the division, "and I said: 'Better remember everything, kid. It's going to be a long time.' "

"I thought that the war might even last a year after that," adds Balazas, who now has a Purple Heart with two clusters and the Silver and Bronze Star.

On October 25, 1942, when the division sailed from Scotland for what everybody knew was going to be the first American amphibious landing of the war against the Germans, smart money was on Norway. It was rumored that the hold of the ship was loaded with snowshoes which would be issued as soon as the transport got into the channel, but by the time the convoy reached the Straits of Gibraltar on November 6, everybody knew that it was North Africa.

"We used to talk a lot about which invasion we sweated out most," says Balazas. "Some say it was Normandy because we knew it would be as bad as it was or worse; we knew the Germans had a lot. And others think it was Sicily because terrain there was bad. But me, I vote for Oran. It was something new then, and you didn't know what would happen. And you expected the worst. Somebody said the Germans had some kind of a secret weapon that could blow everybody out of the water if they just pushed a button.

"Matter of fact, it was easy."

Two combat teams—16 and 18, under the command of Maj. Gen. Terry Allen, then the 1st Division CG, now CG of the 104th Division—landed just east of Oran, at Arzew, and Combat Team 26 landed to the west, at Les Andalouses, under Roosevelt.

There was no firing on the first wave, but the second and third got some machine-gun fire—not much, just enough so that a few men were hit before they reached shore. Once on shore, opposition was mostly from snipers with small arms, and not too new ones at that. Most of the French were delighted to surrender, and if there had been any Germans in the vicinity, they had taken off before or just after the Americans landed. By evening of the 11th, Oran had fallen, and by noon of the next day, old-timers say, the price of *vin rouge* in town had tripled.

THE fight for Kasserine Pass, which took place late in February 1943, is memorable now because it was so startlingly similar to the Ardennes Bulge campaign. At Kasserine, the division was in Ousseltia Valley, sending out occasional patrols, not fighting much, simply dug in and holding. At the time of the Ardennes break-through —in December 1944—the division, after more than two months on the line, had just reached a rest area near Eupen, Belgium.

When the Germans broke through at Kasserine, their goal, as in the Ardennes, was supplies—Tebessa in Africa, the Vervier-Liege-Eupen area in Belgium. Both times the 26th Infantry was detached from the division and sent to help hold the flank of the German spearhead, and both times the threat was turned back—the 21st *Panzer* Division in Africa, and the *SS Panzer*, 3d Parachute and the 12th *Volksgrenadier* in the Ardennes.

In Oran, men of the Red One, when they weren't getting in trouble with MPs, were buying souvenirs to take home with them. They might possibly be garrisoned in Oran for a while, they thought, but no one doubted that they'd be home for Christmas — 1943. Hardly anyone thought there would be more combat; there were, after all, hundreds of divisions in the States who had never had any fighting at all.

There is some disagreement about the matter now, but the old-timers think the morale in the division was never lower than when it started training for what the men, the whole of North Africa and both the Germans and Italians knew was an amphibious landing, this time in Sicily.

Again most of the details have been blurred by time, and as Capt. Maxie Zera of New York City, the division Public Relations officer (as well as one of the best-known and certainly loudest amateur calypso singers in the entire ETO) points out, "It's customary now to brush off Sicily as a cinch—by everybody who wasn't there."

Actually there was more danger of the Americans being driven off the beach at Gela, Sicily, on July 11, 1943, about 10 hours after the landing on the midnight before, than there was at Normandy the following June. After taking Gela, which overlooks a flat plain sloping to the sea, the men could see a formation of 50 heavy and medium tanks of what they later discovered was the Hermann Goering *Panzer* Division approaching. The fighting of the next four hours was the roughest they had until Normandy and the Huertgen. There were times when both sides were certain the Americans would be driven back into the Mediterranean. Casualties were heavy, and the men were fighting tanks with small-arms fire. After six hours, the Germans withdrew.

When Troina fell after six days of fighting, the First was pulled out of the line.

"It was still pretty much the same guys we'd come over with in the section then," Roberts says. "Just one replacement, I think." But when Roberts got back from the hospital after Aachen, no one was left in the section that he knew, and the new section chief was a reinforcement. "I went to the captain, and I said I wanted a new job. There was nothing wrong with this new guy; he's probably a very nice fellow, but I couldn't work under him. You understand." Roberts is a jeep driver now.

AFTER Sicily practically no one in the First expected to go home. When the Red One was loaded into another transport, there was some talk about the Italian campaign being next, but that the destination was England caused no particular surprise. By then everybody knew the Continent was going to be invaded and that the First would be in on it and that it was simply a matter of more training and waiting. Some said a week; some said a month. Nobody thought it would be nearly 10 months.

Actually, since the First has been overseas, it has never had it better than during its second stay in England. There were a few towns off limits occasionally, but the division is used to that; towns have always been off limits to the First ever since Pinehurst, N. C., which the First Army put off limits during the Carolina maneuvers in 1941.

There were a lot of marriages in England—one or two colonels, a lot of junior officers and scores of enlisted men—and practically everyone was adopted by at least one English family. Retreat was usually at 5, except when the division was on maneuvers, and almost everyone got a pass.

When the division sailed for the Continent from Portland, just before dark on the evening of June 5, "the water was rough, but the weather was nice again, nice and calm, and I remember somebody said, 'Like before a storm,' and nobody laughed," says T/Sgt. John Beckett of New York City, a platoon sergeant who had made the other two amphibious landings.

"In France some Red Cross girl asked me what I thought about when we were on the Channel there, and I didn't know what to say. To tell the truth, I didn't think about anything. She wanted to know if I was taking it easy, and I said sure, but I wasn't. You never learn how to take it easy or not to be afraid. The only place nobody is ever afraid is in the movies—just like in the movies they always shave and take baths.

"About the only thing you learn is to be careful, and you learn that no matter how careful you are, things can happen. There have been 600 men in my company (C Company, 1st Battalion of the 26th) since D-Day, and lots of them were careful." Beckett is one of the eight originals left from the November 8, 1942, landing.

By H-Hour on June 6—0630—the sky was cloudy, and as the assault wave—spearheaded by two battalions of the 16th and two of the 116th Regiment of the 29th Division—neared Easy Red Beach, the supporting weapons were knocked out. More than half of the landing craft never got to shore, and the men in those that did were pinned down at the water's edge, just below the 5-foot shale ledge that surrounded the beach.

"I don't think anyone thought we'd stay on the beach that first morning," says S/Sgt. Ervin Kemke of A Company of the 16th, who landed half an hour after the first wave. "I think we all thought we'd be food for the fish, and a lot were. I kept thinking of everything I'd read about the Dieppe raid and I thought this was the same thing all over again."

1st Division GIs visited the cemetery at Soissons where 900 men of the First were killed during the last war.

IT was shortly after the first battalion landed, while every unit was completely disorganized and scattered, that Brig. Gen. (then Col.) George A. Taylor, CO of the 16th and now assistant division CG, said what is likely to become as famous as Adm. Farragut's "Damn the torpedoes" statement.

"Hell, we're dying here on the beach," said Taylor. "Let's move inland and die." It sounds like something a PRO made up for a colonel to say, but Taylor said it.

After a hole was blasted in the wire surrounding the beach, what was left of the 16th crawled, most of them hand over hand, up the shale ledge and captured the ridge line.

"I'd still have traded my chance of living for an ice-cream cone in hell," says Kemke. The 18th landed at 1300 hours and the 26th at 1700; and during the next week the First got as far as Caumont, 25 miles inland. Then both the division and the enemy dug in—and waited for something to happen.

"The month after we got to Caumont was pretty quiet," says Sgt. Alvin Wise of Dallas, Tex., a squad leader who joined the 26th in December 1939. He and four cooks are the only ones left from the Company G that left the States. "The weather was bad, and there was very little air, and the Germans were loping

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They remember the Huertgen Forest . . . the First has had no more bitter fighting anywhere, before or since.

over 88s and artillery shells, and three-fourths of the time we were in foxholes."

When the First was pulled out of the line, after a month of sitting it out at Caumont, the 5th Division took over, and the First regrouped for the jump off on July 25. The 4th and 9th Divisions forced a gap through the German lines, and the Red One, with the 18th spearheading, passed through the lines of the 9th Division and by the next night had taken Marigny.

And that, of course, was the beginning of the "summer war," of the swift, frequently unopposed drive through France, of the days when the average advance was 20 miles, and the time when everybody, including the generals, was saying not to worry about winter equipment; the war would surely be over by October—1944.

"I didn't really believe it, though," says Wise.

"When you have been in the Army so long, fighting most of the time, you think of the worst damned things that can happen, and they usually do, and then when some little good thing comes along—like getting to a rest camp, even—you're so surprised that by the time you get over being surprised, it's the same stuff, the same old stuff."

There was the time, early in August, when it was obvious that Paris would be liberated soon, that some of the men—especially new ones in the division—hoped it would be the First that would march down the Champs Elysees.

"I kept telling them we wouldn't," says Wise, "and I kept saying even if we did it would be off limits, and I was right; we didn't, and it was."

So far as men on the line were concerned, there were really only two important incidents during the summer campaign, after Caumont. The first was the stop at Soissons, when they paused briefly in the center of the town, before the Jo Davidson monument erected in memory of 900 men of the First killed in the area in four days during the last war. There was almost no opposition at Soissons last August.

The second was at Mons, Belgium, during the first week of September. "I was riding on a truck," says Zieckler, "and when we came to a fork in the road we met up with a civilian car filled with German officers. I jumped off the truck, and they began firing. We put our mortar section right alongside the road, and then we saw that a whole column of Jerry stuff was moving down the road."

Five German divisions were moving out of Belgium, toward the Siegfried line, when two ran into the First, and the others met up with the 3d Armored Division. Confusion at Mons was so great that one Mark IV tank was directed into the 1st Division motor pool by an MP; 80 German ack-ack men, led by a major, tried to march through a division CP; and for three days there were no lines, only mass surrenders of a kind the First did not see again until they crossed the Rhine. During three days, September 5, 6 and 7, small units continued to resist, but 17,149 prisoners were taken, including a division commander and his entire staff.

And then there was Aachen.

In Belgium, the liberated citizens had lined the roads with open kegs of beer, and, if there was time to stop for a few hours, there were girls and there was free liquor, and in Liege there was a celebration that lasted a week; the First only got in on the beginning.

But Germany was different.

At 1515 September 12, C Company of the 16th crossed the border into Germany, about six kilometers west of Aachen. Some of the pillboxes of the Siegfried were manned, but most of them had only skeleton crews, and some were deserted entirely. In some places the Germans were building hasty field fortifications outside perfectly implaced pillboxes. Why, no one knew, just as no one knew why crossing the Roer was so difficult and crossing the Rhine so easy.

"Newspaper men are always asking questions," says T-5 Claude Andrews of Company F of the 16th, "like one of them asked me what it was like when we were the first on German soil. And it wasn't like anything. It didn't look any different and it didn't feel any different than any place else. It was the same as Tunisia, only Tunisia was rockier. It was the same as Sicily, only Sicily was hillier. It was the same as Normandy, only there were hedgerows there and you could duck. But it was just exactly like Belgium. And I suppose it would be the same in Pennsylvania if you were getting shot at." Andrews is a radio man from Walnutport, Pa., who joined the First in January 1941.

THE advance into Stolberg, the first good-sized town the Red One attacked inside Germany, was slow. Already winter was in the air, and ODs without overcoats were not enough for the evenings.

"At times," the division G-2 report says of Stolberg, "every room . . . was contested; enemy artillery was more and more in evidence, and our patrols were blocked off soon after they crossed our lines." But Stolberg, like Troina, fell, and then, as Heinrich Himmler put it at the time, "The eyes of all Germany are on Aachen."

The Germans at Aachen were nothing like the members of the disorganized *Wehrmacht* the U. S. armies had been pursuing in France and Belgium. There were no retreats. Our squads would use 2½ pounds of dynamite to blast their way through walls. They would proceed through entire sections of the city without going outside and, when they entered a house, they would first throw in several grenades, then fire their automatic weapons and, finally, rush the door. German troops they met seemed to have the same fanaticism as the *Panzer* divisions the First had fought in Africa, and that fanaticism lasted through the winter, until after the Roer River was crossed.

In Huertgen Forest in November, for example, there was not only cold to contend with and lack of proper equipment and trench foot and tree bursts (which caused more casualties more quickly than at any other time in the division's history, except at Easy Red Beach); there was also the fact that the terrain—hard, frozen ground and thick trees and darkness—made every inch of the advance uncertain and costly.

"It must have been something like in Guadalcanal and New Guinea," says Zieckler. "You might be right on top of a German position and wouldn't know it. The Germans knew every inch of the ground, and they were ordered to sit it out and they did. And there wasn't any place to go; you couldn't dig in. And there would be tree bursts and twice as many guys would get it as usual. There was nothing to do but wait for the next one. I don't see how anything could have been worse."

The break-through in the Ardennes was no more than men of the First expected. "Although not just that day," Zieckler declares. On the evening of December 17, Zieckler was, as he puts it, "damned drunk. I was sitting in the orderly room [at the rest center near Eupen into which the division had moved that day] drinking cognac when somebody ran in and told us that paratroopers had landed behind American lines. It was about midnight then, and right away we started getting ready to move out. I wasn't surprised; hell, no. I knew that the German Army and the American Army wouldn't ever between them let the First get a rest. So we moved into line."

Since then, the First has been on the line almost continuously. There has been nothing spectacular. Its crossings of the Roer and the Rhine were not unopposed, but they were startlingly like its crossing of the Seine last August. Its opposition when it moved into Bonn, Germany, was remarkably similar to that in some of the smaller towns on the eastern side of Aachen. And the disorganized elements of the *Wehrmacht* it chased across the Westphalian Plains are much the same as the disheartened *Panzer* troops it pursued after El Guettar.

But what few remain of the old bunch of the Red One Division no longer have the battle enthusiasm that they had in North Africa. They are awaiting the long-delayed rotation that has finally caught up with some of them, still never quite believing it will catch up with them. Just recently another of the veterans was tapped for a Stateside trip, but the day he was to leave he was killed. That is the kind of ironic twist veterans receive with resignation and never with surprise.

The old bunch is very tired now, even men like Pvt. William Hopkins of Conneaut, Ohio, who once said, "I'll never get tired of fighting." Now 22, Hopkins joined the Canadian Army in October, 1939—when, officially, the U. S. State Department was frowning on such practices.

"Where you from?" the Canadian recruiting officer asked him.

"Ohio," he answered.

"Good town to be from, Montreal," said the Canadian.

Hopkins went overseas with the Canadians, and on July 4, 1942, transferred to the U. S. Army. He was sent to Northern Ireland to join the 34th, and on Christmas day, 1942, was near the French Moroccan border with that division.

It was too quiet there for Hopkins, so that morning he and two other over-enthusiastic members of the 34th started to hitchhike and thumbed their way nearly 900 miles to Central Tunisia, where they joined up with the 26th Infantry. Hopkins fought the rest of the campaign with the First and when he got back to Oran was fined $240 and returned to the 34th.

Ten days after the 34th landed in Italy, Hopkins got a few shrapnel wounds, took off from the hospital and shipped back to England, without orders. After he was picked up by MPs, near Glasgow, he sent a request, through channels, to rejoin the First, and a few days later the request was granted.

"I was afraid I wouldn't get enough fighting with the 34th," he says. "Of course, I was wrong. I was very young then." Hopkins landed on D-Day, was wounded on D plus 3, spent months in a hospital, got back in July, was wounded again inside Aachen last October and now, he too, is ready to go home.

"You can't be lucky all the time," he says, "if you know what I mean."

But Hopkins, like other veterans, regards the trucks of incoming reinforcements in much the same manner as a charter member of a very exclusive club looks on an ambitious applicant.

"It's still 'The Fighting First,'" he says, "or maybe 'The Forgotten First,' but these new guys have a lot to learn. It took us old-timers about three years to get to be veterans; I doubt if these recruits have got the time.

"Of course, you can't tell. There's still the Pacific."

In the Sicilian campaign casualties were heavy and infantrymen were fighting tanks with small-arms fire.

Battle of Mandalay

It was hard to dislodge Japs from U. Khanti's holy hill.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANDALAY—U. Khanti, a sad old man, his face and hands wrinkled by an uncounted number of years, was probably the person who was most interested in the outcome of the 13-day battle between the 19th Indian Division of the Fourteenth British Army and the Japs for the city of Mandalay. At any rate, he was undoubtedly the most interested local spectator at the scene of the battle.

U. Khanti is better known in these parts as the Hermit of Mandalay. As a youth, h became so devout a Buddhist that he collected more than $2,000,000 from all over the world for his religion. With this money he financed construction of richly sculptured pagodas, idols, monasteries and temples at the peak of Mandalay Hill and around it. When his work was completed, the hill became one of the most unusual shrines in the Far East.

When the Gurkhas with other Indian and British troops of the 19th Division approached the 800-foot hill from the northeast, U. Khanti stepped out of his ramshackle hut at the bottom of it. He saw the forward elements of a Gurkha battalion storming the Jap position on "his hill" and his face brightened with hope.

The Gurkhas didn't use the majestic network of stairways—750 steps in each—which climb to the peak of the hill on either side. They clambered up the bare hillside instead. It was easier for them that way, for the Japs had posted guards on all the stairways of the holy hill.

There was very little resistance until the Gurkhas were halfway up, and someone down below said the Japs must have been caught unawares. The Gurkhas in the storming party said they had heard girls' voices singing what they called "gay Japanese songs." Perhaps the Japs were entertaining their comfort girls. Or being entertained.

Whichever, this was evidence of one of the reasons U. Khanti hated the Japs. His holy hill was being desecrated. Another reason for his hatred was that the missionaries of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere had leveled with bombs much of his beloved city of Mandalay and had starved the population. The once happy, prosperous people who had come to the hill to worship had been sad and hungry during the three years of Japanese occupation.

U. Khanti heard the artillery barrage let go as the Gurkhas approached the hilltop. After it, there was only the relative battle quiet of a few stray shots. Then silence and the bodies of Jap soldiers strewn before massive figures of Buddha and over the broken stairways and over the floors of one of the temples.

The Gurkhas withdrew, leaving the Jap bodies and the empty beer and *sake* bottles that lay near them. There was no sign of the alleged comfort girls. If they had been there, they must have left by a southern exit.

For the southern side of the peak had still to be cleared. U. Khanti watched men of the Royal Berkshires take over the assault to the south. There the Japs hid inside the temples, behind pagodas and between huge Buddhist idols.

The fight for possession of the southern peak continued for three days. About 20 of the enemy escaped death until the last by taking refuge in a tunnel running through the hilltop from east to west. The tunnel, made of rock and concrete, was shellproof. It would have been too costly to try to take it by a frontal infantry attack, and an air strike was ruled out because the British did not wish to damage the holy structures any more than could be helped.

U. Khanti was still watching, now apprehensively, when a British sergeant from Essex approached his CO. "Sir," he said, "with your permission I would climb over the tunnel and throw a tin of petrol into the bloody thing. Then I would follow up with a grenade and see what develops."

"Ordinarily," said the CO, "I would take a dim view of such a stunt. But carry on."

With a large can of gasoline in his arms and a pair of grenades dangling from his belt, the sergeant climbed cautiously above the tunnel toward the top of one of the entrances. When he got there, he leaned over and hurled the gasoline into the black opening, can and all. A second later he followed through with a grenade.

Flames and black smoke poured out of the entrance. U. Khanti and the other spectators heard screams and groans from the bowels of the tunnel. Seven Japs, one by one, ran flaming from the tunnel and jumped, torchlike, from the top of the steep hill.

Two British soldiers rushed into different tunnel entrances and pumped lead. Next morning 13 Japs were found dead in the scorched corridors. The battle of Mandalay Hill was ended.

THE second phase of the Battle of Mandalay—clearing out the city — wasn't far from U. Khanti's hut either. It centered around an ancient fortress—Fort Dufferin—protected by a red-brick wall 26 feet high and surrounded by a 60-yard moat. The Japs holed up here were able to keep the 19th Division at bay for 13 days.

Several attempts were made to capture the fort during that time. While the Royal Berkshires were fighting on the hill, a battalion of Indian troops tried unsuccessfully to take Dufferin.

They used a 5.5 gun placed only 500 yards away from the fort's northern wall in this first assault. It threw 100-pound shell after 100-pound shell against the target. When a breach had been made, the Indian troops advanced.

They advanced only to meet a withering barrage of machine-gun fire at the moat. In a few minutes the ground was soaked with the blood of the wounded. Bearded, turbaned Punjabis ran the gantlet of heavy Jap fire to carry out casualties on their shoulders. And the other Indian troops were ordered to withdraw.

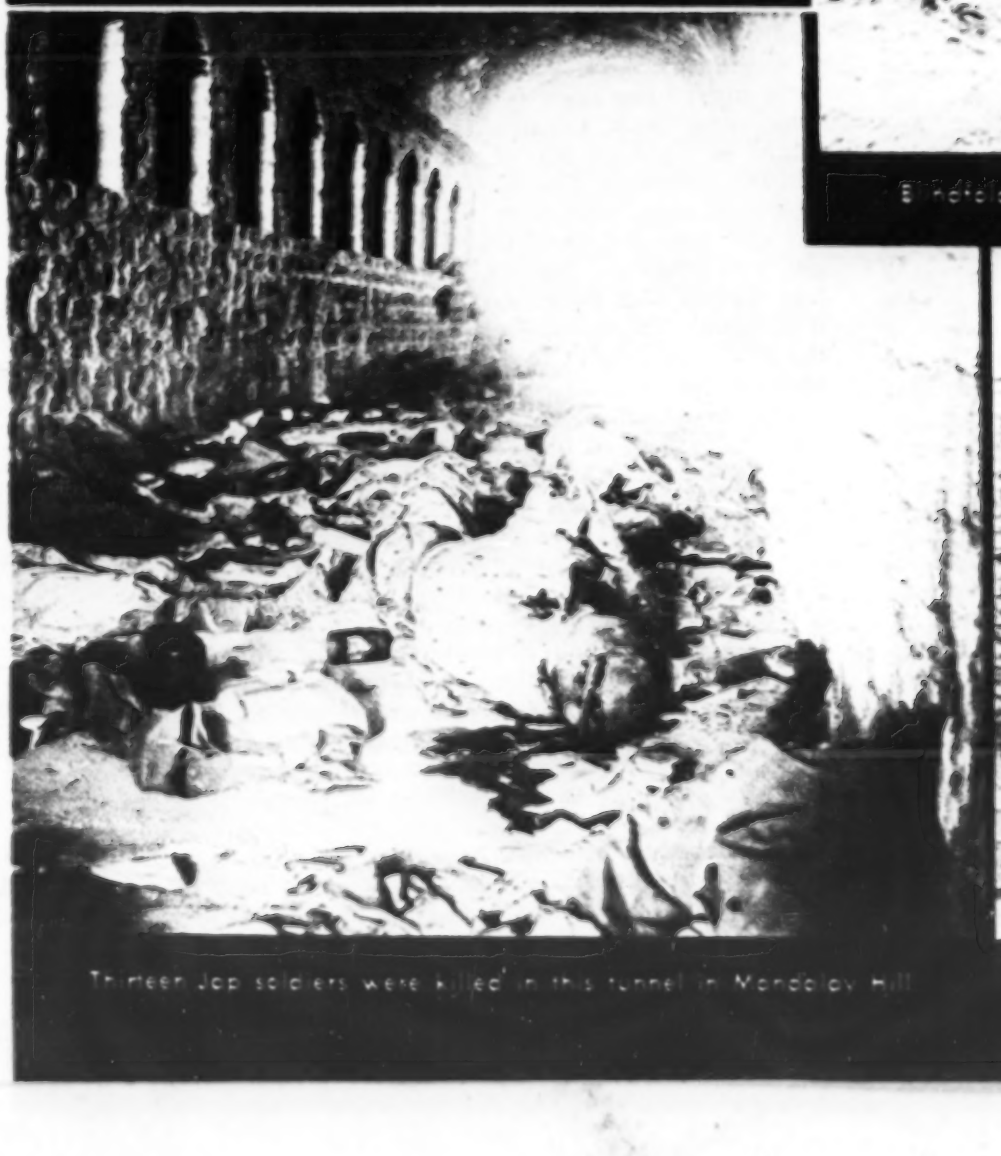
IN the next few days several air attacks blasted the fort, again from the north. Two more infantry assaults were launched on two different nights, but both failed. By the 11th day of the battle, the troops of the 19th had fanned out to every section of Mandalay. Only Fort Dufferin remained in Jap hands. Finally, on the 13th day, wave after wave of Mitchell bombers dropped 1,000-pounders on the northern walls. Then, just as the smoke settled, the infantrymen prepared to storm over the rubble and into the fort.

They were poised for their charge when someone pointed to the breach in the wall. Two men stood there, one with a white flag, the other waving a Union Jack.

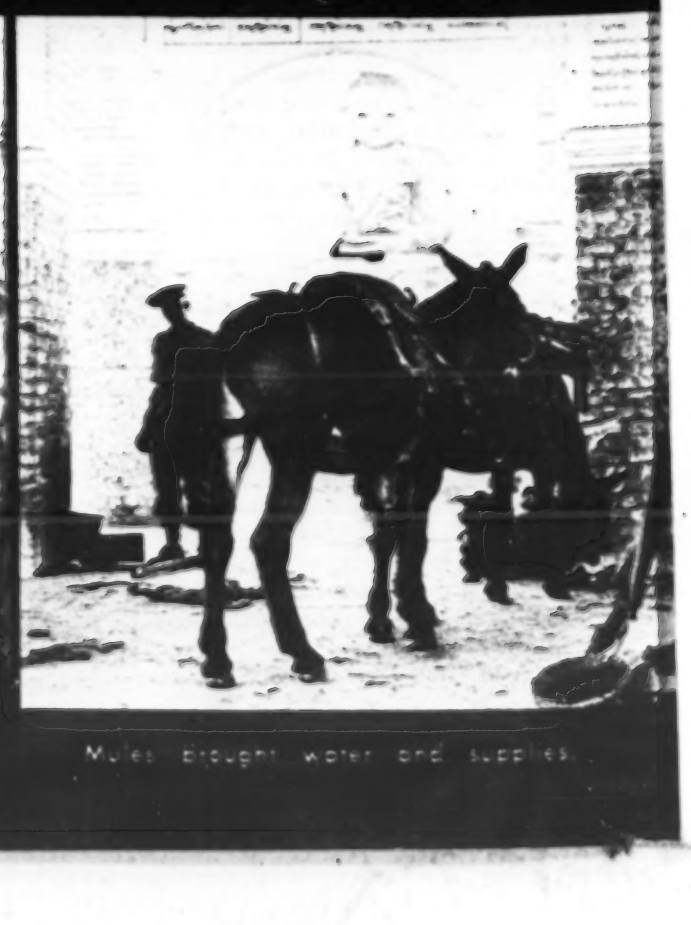
The two men moved down to the infantry lines and explained everything. They were Anglo-Burmans who, together with 300 other refugees, had been imprisoned by the Japs. The Japs, they said, had fled to the south. "There isn't one left in the fort now."

With this ending to the Battle of Mandalay, U. Khanti sent one of his followers up the holy hill to check the damage to the statues of Buddha, the pagodas and the temples. Soon again his followers would be climbing the hill to worship. Maybe they wouldn't look so hungry and sad.

Captured Jap prisoners are led into headquarters



Thirteen Jap soldiers were killed in this tunnel in Mandalay Hill



Mules brought water and supplies

Sergeant in Paris

The French paid more attention to his Croix de Guerre than they did to his Congressional Medal.

Spurrier said we could talk better where it was quiet, so we took off to the Sportsman Bar.

By Sgt. DEWITT GILPIN
YANK Field Correspondent

PARIS—Paris in the spring is synonymous with *amour*, so it wasn't surprising that the sergeant who has killed more Germans than anyone else in the 35th Division had a mademoiselle with him when he turned up in the lobby of the Hotel Scribe.

"You can tell her I have to go away with you for a couple of hours," said the sergeant. "I don't parlay much French."

The lady accepted the explanation, and S/Sgt. Junior J. Spurrier and I went out among the crowds of combat soldiers on pass who always throng the streets around the Red Cross Rainbow Corner. Spurrier said we could talk about old times better where it was quiet, so we strolled through the bright sunshine to the Sportsman Bar on the Rue Boudreau.

Braggins, the French bartender who speaks English, took a long look at Spurrier's chest full of fruit salad. Spurrier said that after three days in Paris he was accustomed to having the French look at his medals. "It's the Croix de Guerre they go for," he said. "They don't pay much attention to my Congressional Medal of Honor."

The Congressional Medal was awarded Spurrier for his single-handed liberation of Achain, France. Achain is just about the size of Bluefield, W. Va., where Spurrier graduated from seventh grade and then went to work in the coal mines. He joined the Army at 17 and went overseas for the first time when he volunteered for a secret mission in the Pacific that never came off.

Now 22, Spurrier is long, lean and fair-haired, with a quiet manner that belies an explosive temper. He looked better than when I last saw him at Sarreguemines near the German border in Lorraine. At that time he was just back from the hospital where he had collected a cluster for his Purple Heart.

When the drinks came we talked about the outfit. Spurrier said things hadn't been so tough lately and that casualties had been light getting up to the Rhine. In view of all of his bitching, he added, it had been pretty nice of the colonel to send him to Paris.

"In one way this publicity deal I'm getting isn't such a good one, though," said Spurrier. "These press and radio people start on me in the afternoon and keep me tied up in the evening. And that's the time I want to take off."

I asked him if he had told them about Camp Croft or about the arguments with the captain on military strategy or about that party in Nancy.

"Hell, no," he said with a laugh. "That's between us GIs. Some newspapers try to make every guy who gets a medal a foul-up. Look at the things they wrote about Commando Kelly. A man does a few things that don't mean anything until they say he's a hero and then—blooey."

A French officer came in the bar with a pretty girl in a wine-colored hat. After they had ordered some drinks, the officer pointed out to the girl that the American was wearing the Croix de Guerre with a bronze star. Spurrier told Braggins, the bartender, to make ours the same.

I looked over Spurrier's publicity hand-out to see if it had all the details about the way he won the Croix de Guerre and the Distinguished Service Cross after we got out of Nancy. The hand-out told how Spurrier had manned a .50-caliber machine gun from a tank destroyer in a final assault on a high hill and killed enough Germans to break up a sudden flank attack. When the Germans retreated to fortified positions, Spurrier, his hands bleeding from bazooka-shell splinters, dashed up to the strongpoints and cleaned them out by tossing grenades in them.

"They left out about the seven FFI boys that I had on that hill," Spurrier said. "And did I have a time with them about not shooting Germans who wanted to give up. I'd just as soon've shot them myself, but you know how it is."

The French couple left, the officer pausing first to give an informal little salute, and the girl flashing a smile Spurrier's way. The bar was empty now except for us, and Spurrier looked at his watch and motioned for the bartender.

Braggins, the bartender, is a solidly built, gray-haired little man who has fought in two wars against the Germans. Before the occupation he tended a bar at Castiglione's, which was frequented by the American Embassy crowd in the days when it was easy to put Hitler in his place over the aperitifs. Braggins wanted to hear about Spurrier's medals, so I ran down the list, ending up with the Congressional Medal.

To take the town of Achain, and win the Congressional Medal, on November 13, 1944, Spurrier killed 25 Germans and captured 18 Jerries and two of their officers. He used an M1, a BAR, hand grenades and both German and American bazookas. When he couldn't get the Germans out, he set the buildings on fire. He finished off the job with a Hollywood touch by riding down the main street on a motorcycle, blazing away at the fleeing Germans.

That is the part of the story of Achain that has been told. There is another part that is probably of interest only to GIs. Spurrier started the engagement fighting mad because of the culmination of a long-standing argument he had been having about getting another stripe. Moreover there were some words about the tactics that were slated to be employed in taking the town. The result was that an officer delivered a pre-battle statement that went as follows: "We'll send a company in on one side and Spurrier in on the other side. He'll fight the way he wants to anyway, so let him do what he damn well pleases."

By the time the company got into Achain, Spurrier had taken it. But the fruits of victory didn't yield that other stripe. The colonel was so impressed with him as a one-man army that Spurrier now operates out of company headquarters on special missions only. And one-man armies aren't listed in an Infantry company's T/O.

The talk between Spurrier and the bartender had now gone back to the Croix de Guerre. Braggins said that his Croix de Guerre was the same grade as Spurrier's, and the sergeant asked him if he ever wore it.

"I will not wear it until the war is finished and France is well and strong again," he said.

Spurrier thought this over for a minute, and then said: "Guys like you didn't have anything to do with the beating France took. Somebody on top fouled you up."

Braggins told us about the defective cartridges that caused continual misfires in the French rifles and other things that French soldiers had contended with. France, he said, had been like a *beau tableau, mal encadré*. "That means," he told us, "that France was like a painting that was badly framed. The painting was good and beautiful, but worms were eating up the frame."

Spurrier turned this thought over a couple of times, and then got excited about it. "That's the best way to explain about the French I ever heard," he said. "I never expected to hear it that way from a bartender. By God, you're all right."

THE two hours were up, and Spurrier made Braggins a little speech as we shook hands. "I'm feeling my oats a little," he said, standing very straight, "but this is the truth. We've got a grudge against those Germans just like you French have. It started back in the States when I was reading the papers. And don't worry about me losing that grudge—I've seen too much. I'm no Paris soldier."

"I know just how you feel," said the bartender. Outside the bar we joined the 90 percent of Paris that seemed to be on the streets. The sun was still hot, and a spring breeze floated down the street where the Germans had once seized 50 random hostages for execution because a bomb had been tossed into a cafe full of celebrating Nazis. The breeze tugged at the coiffures and skirts of whistle-provoking girls on bicycles and whipped at the vendors' newspapers, the headlines of which proclaimed that Patton was across the Rhine. As someone has probably said, there would be lovelier springs in Paris but not until next year.

"My aching back," said Spurrier. "Let's forget the war. I talk so much about it at the hotel that I sound off all the time. Why don't you go back to the hotel and parlay with that blonde for me?" I said I thought he could manage.

After we had parted a telephone call from the Hotel Scribe came for me at the office. Some correspondents, the French operator said, wanted to talk to Sgt. Spurrier, and could I help. All I could say, I told her, was that it was spring in Paris. She seemed to think that made sense.

Four men in an Okinawa foxhole wait for the dawn, uncertain of anything but the Japs' nearness and their own fears.

A BAD NIGHT

By Pfc. JUSTIN GRAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 96TH DIVISION, OKINAWA—The captain had just been killed. A Jap sniper's bullet caught him in the neck as he was giving us the final instructions for tomorrow's attack. He died instantly.

Many of the men cried. They didn't try to hide it. They had really loved their CO. "The company won't be worth a damn now," one said.

This happened in the late evening. The captain hadn't given all the dope before he was hit. The company would have to advance in the morning without the full plan.

All we knew when we went on outpost for the night was that the battalion was going to attack Kakazu Ridge at dawn and the company was to be in the center of the assault. Jap positions on Kakazu had held us up for over a week. The high command was determined that we would storm over the ridge next day. There was to be no halting until the objective was ours. No company was to be pinned down. Casualties were expected—lots of them—but Kakazu had to be taken. If we had only had more information.

The company was understrength. I was sent to help fill one of the 3d Platoon's holes. Wyatt and Geark were the only men available from the platoon's 3d Squad. A "flying boxcar," one of the Japs' 320-mortar shells, had just landed about 50 yards to the rear of the company. Wyatt and Geark were lucky. The two other men who had held the hole with them were badly wounded by rocks and dirt. Those rocks were as bad as shrapnel.

The hole was on the extreme left flank of the company. It was literally perched on the rim of the ravine which the company held. Company headquarters were down at the foot of the ravine and the line platoons had dug in at the top. Four men were needed to hold our hole. There were two directions from which the Japs could move in on us, and two men had to be on the alert all the time. Mitchell was brought over from the 1st Squad to help us.

The hole wasn't really in such a good spot. The "skibbies" (Japs) on Kakazu were actually breathing down our necks. You didn't dare stick your head up while there was still daylight. Snipers and machine guns were sighted in on our position.

This was my first time up there and as soon as it was dark enough to be reasonably safe I took a good look about me to get my bearings. The hole was right in the midst of a group of pine and palm trees. There were also some tree stumps about as high as a man. The Japs must have cut down some of these trees for use in their pillboxes. In the dark it would be hard to tell which was a Jap and which was a stump. I tried to get the location of the stumps in my mind so I could pick them out later.

The hole wasn't actually a hole. The ground was so rocky that you couldn't dig down any depth. What had been done instead was to build up a foxhole with rocks. Around the top were a number of palm fronds which were an attempt at camouflage. That was a worthless bit of effort, for the skibbies knew exactly where we were.

The two of us who were on guard stood near the front of the hole. One watched to the left, parallel with the rim of the ravine, and the other covered the front. A path led up toward our position directly to the front, which passed between two of those huge stone Okinawan graves that cover the hillsides all over the island. Those graves are tremendous and will make wonderful amphitheaters for GI movies once the garrison forces take over. I kept my eyes on that path.

AT first it wasn't so bad, even though I was a bit jumpy. I kept thinking of tomorrow's attack. It was bad enough just worrying about being on outpost. But not to know what was expected of the company in the all-out assault that was to follow at dawn was almost too much of an unknown quantity. I tried to concentrate on the present job of guarding the outpost.

The moon was about a quarter full and it lighted up the hillside pretty well. It didn't seem logical that the Japs would try to infiltrate or counterattack until after the moon went down. I leaned over to Wyatt and asked nervously, "When the hell does that moon leave us?"

"I wish to hell I knew what we were supposed to do tomorrow," said Geark as he sat down.

He smiled back and answered: "Not for a couple of hours yet. We don't have to worry until about 2300. Have you got a watch?"

No one had a watch. It was decided that since Wyatt and Geark were the experienced ones, having spent a couple of nights in this hole already, they should be split up, enabling at least one of them to be on duty all the time. I teamed up with Wyatt, and Mitchell worked with Geark. Wyatt and I took the first shift. We were supposed to stay on for what we thought was an hour, then wake up the other two. I doubt if any of us knew just what an hour was without a watch, but that was the plan.

"Give me a kick if you see anything—just anything," said Geark before he sat down in the back of the hole. "I don't think I'll be able to sleep much tonight anyway. I wish to hell I knew what we were supposed to do tomorrow." He sat down and threw a poncho over his head to cover his lighting a cigarette. Wyatt and I were scared of what might happen now and wondering what was supposed to happen in the morning.

Even with the moon up, more or less protecting us, I felt very exposed. If the Japs shelled us, with all those trees around, there would be high bursts right over the hole. Shrapnel would rain down on us.

Wyatt was looking down off to the left. I put my hand on his shoulder to indicate I wanted to whisper something to him. I held my hand there until he turned to me. "What's the countersign, in case we have to get out of here?" I asked.

Wyatt shook his head. "I don't know. It doesn't make any difference anyway. We can't leave here until dawn. If we tried to go back down into the ravine, they'd shoot us first and ask questions later. We'll have to stay here until the attack."

I just had time to digest that thought when he turned back again and added: "If we do have to get out of here for some reason, run back and yell as loud as you can, 'Rolph, I'm coming down.' Rolph's the squad sergeant down there. He'll let you through—maybe."

I went back to looking down my sector, wishing to God the lieutenant hadn't sent me up here. If morning would only come. I didn't like this lack of movement at night. We kept the initiative during the daytime but seldom moved at night. In Europe we kept the Jerries guessing plenty by hitting them at night. It could be done out here too.

Another thing occurred to me and I laid my hand on Wyatt's shoulder again. He must have been watching something, for he didn't look toward me for a full minute. I began to stare into his sector, but I couldn't see anything. It must have been the wind. I asked him: "Why didn't you people put out some concertinas and trip flares in front of this hole? We wouldn't have to worry so much then."

Wyatt whispered back: "We tried to get out there but the Japs fired on us every time they heard someone move from here. It was just impossible to do it."

The wind began to blow up from the east. I thought of what the book on Okinawa had said about typhoons every month. It would be rough next month when the typhoons are supposed to come. It was hard enough to hear a Jap moving in on you now, when it was only a breeze. Once those storms hit, a man on outpost wouldn't be able to hear a thing. We'd better get this Okinawa campaign over quick, I thought.

Over the ridge to our left front the Japs began to send a stream of mortar shells into what seemed to be their own lines. I knew none of our troops were there. The Japs were using a smart technique on Okinawa. Their troops were so well dug in that they were actually shelling advancing infantrymen even after we reached the Japanese positions. I wondered if we were supposed to overrun those mortar positions in tomorrow's attack. Somebody had better take care of them. If we only knew what the brass expected our company to accomplish. Knowing merely that we had to attack wasn't enough.

I didn't know if an hour had passed yet but I could hardly see any more. Geark and Mitchell took our places. Neither of them had slept a wink. I didn't expect to do any better. Wyatt, not daring to leave the hole, urinated into an empty tin that used to hold a bottle of blood plasma and threw the water over the wall.

It wasn't very cold yet and the mosquitoes were out in force. I poured a bottle of Skat over myself but it didn't seem to do much good. I didn't mind the bites so much, but the constant buzzing around my ears upset me. I began thinking again of what was in store for us in the morning. Wyatt wasn't sleeping either. We were dreaming up schemes which would make whatever might happen in the morning turn out OK.

I DIDN'T think I got my sleep at all but I must have gotten a little for the moon had gone when Mitchell shook me and said another hour had passed. I could hardly believe my eyes when I took my place at the edge of the hole again. It was pitch black. I couldn't hear anything above the wind. I couldn't see how we could defend ourselves if we couldn't see or hear. Wyatt took off his helmet so he could hear a little better. I followed suit.

I leaned over to Wyatt and told him: "Take a look over into my sector every once in a while. I'm not certain I can see at all."

He died as he was giving the final instructions.

Wyatt nodded a yes but didn't take his eyes off whatever he was watching. That Wyatt was a steady one. Between the two of us were two M1s with bayonets already in position. As I leaned up against the wall I could feel six good solid fragmentation grenades under my arms. Just to the right were a couple of bandoliers of ammo for the rifles. We had enough stuff to stop the Japs if we could only see them or hear them.

Our own artillery began firing. The noise from our guns made it even more difficult to hear. I began wishing the guns would remain silent. With all the good they did, it was probable that any number of Japs could still hit at us.

The wind shifted and I began to smell an awful odor. Wyatt leaned over and pointed right in front of our hole. It was a dead Jap. He had been there all the time and I never saw him. He had been killed the night before. It was a sharp reminder of how close the Japs could get to us. I began to watch even more closely.

Wyatt watched me strain a bit more and then said reassuringly: "It's better with the wind this way, even with that smell. You can hear the Japs now before they hear us."

I must have dozed off when Mitchell shook me.

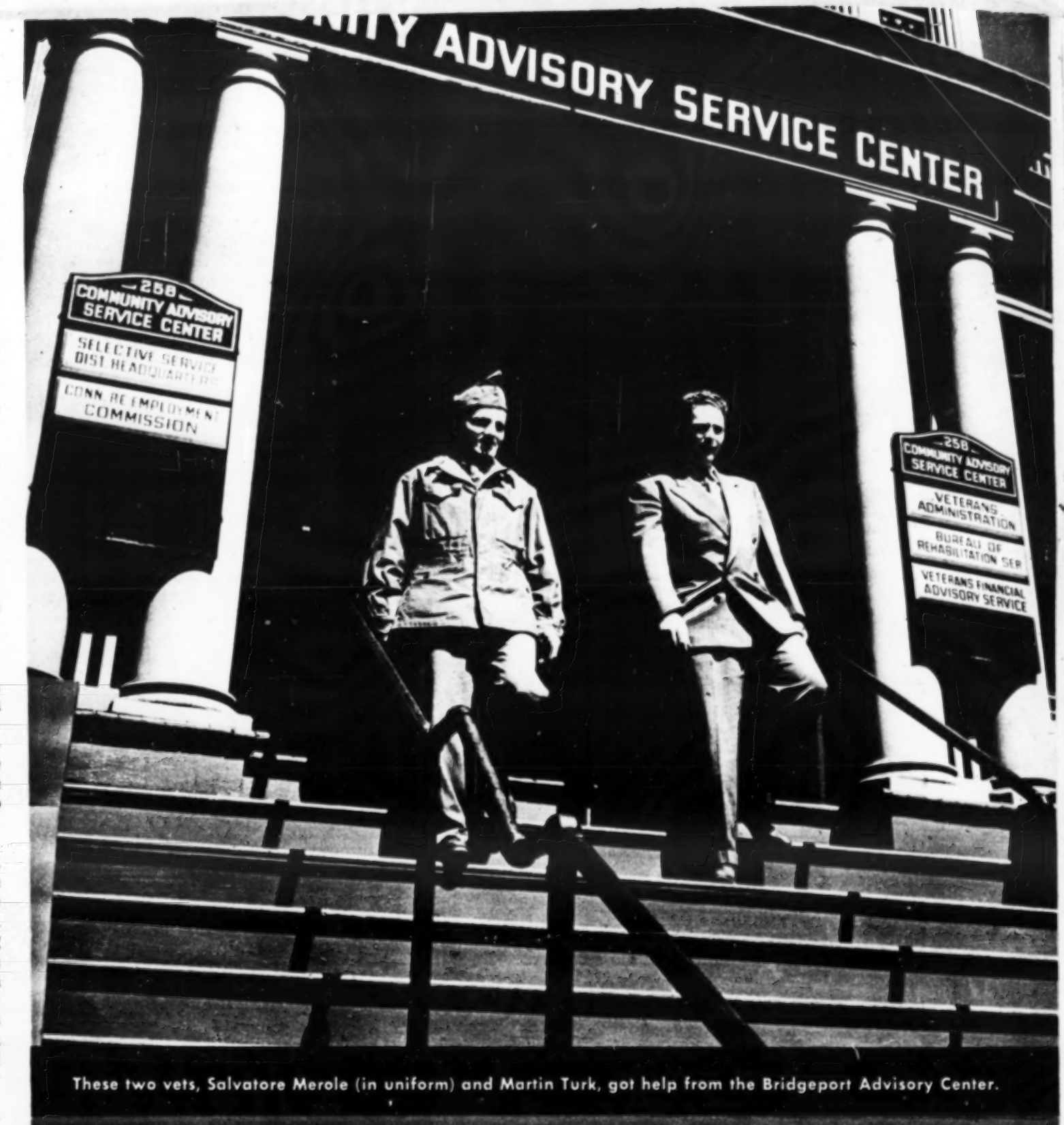
His logic might have been correct but it didn't comfort me a bit. I was scared. I remember standing outpost in Sicily and Italy but I don't think I was as scared then. Even though I knew the Germans were fanatical in their attempts to destroy us, I always felt confident they also had a strong desire to live. From everything I have heard and seen so far in the Pacific, the Jap doesn't place such a high value upon his life. The Japs crawl into our lines even though they know they have no chance of getting out alive. One lone Jap with that attitude might not hurt the company as a whole, but he sure could wipe out our outpost.

Wyatt and I were relieved by the other two and in turn we relieved them again. The shifts became shorter and shorter for it was getting darker with each passing hour. It was almost impossible to keep your eyes focused on one spot for a full hour.

Soon it would be getting lighter. Just before dawn our artillery would open up in earnest, and then we would jump off on an attack in which we didn't even know what we were supposed to accomplish. I was worn out, first worrying about the present and then worrying about what might happen in the future.

I MUST have been asleep when Mitchell shook me. I jumped up with a start. Someone was calling softly from our rear. What could have happened? Had some Japs gotten in behind us? Then we relaxed. It was Rolph calling.

We were to leave our positions. Our artillery was about to send in its preparation for the attack. The shells would be landing too close to our hole for safety. And while they were shelling, the new CO would finish our instructions. Everything was turning out OK—without the confusion we had dreaded.



These two vets, Salvatore Merole (in uniform) and Martin Turk, got help from the Bridgeport Advisory Center.

The Bridgeport Plan

They call it a Community Advisory Service, and its job is to untangle red tape for discharged veterans.

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT—Ex-Pvt. Martin Turk walked up the steep hill leading from Main Street to the old mansion which is headquarters for the Bridgeport Community Advisory Service Center. There he unburdened himself to an attractive female receptionist in a big room with an American flag and a sign which said: "Attention Returning Servicemen! Your discharge papers will be reduced to billfold size, without charge.—Meig's Men's Shop." Turk, a discharged infantryman with ragged nerves and a bad leg, was upset by the red tape he had been going through in Federal and state offices. "I've been trying to get a license to open a liquor store," said Turk, "and instead all I've been getting is a run-around. They say all liquor licenses are frozen."

Turk was ushered up one flight to the office of counselor Meyer Sarkin. Sarkin, a thin dark man in his thirties, was sitting behind the desk of his plain, unfrightening office. He chatted with Turk. There were no forms, no detailed questioning — just informal, friendly talk. Sarkin picked up the phone. In 10 minutes, he had obtained the license for Turk.

Turk left, amazed. But then he couldn't find an available store. So in a few days he came back, to inquire about getting a job. Sarkin had him examined by one of the Center's doctors who discovered that Turk suffers from severe headaches and shouldn't work indoors. Moreover, he can't hear in crowds or noisy spots. Through the U. S. Employment Service, Sarkin got Turk a job to fit his physical condition—as an outside salesman with a sanitary supply company.

This was fine, until another problem came up. The OPA could not allow Turk gasoline for more than 280 miles a month. They told him to ride busses, which was impossible because of his leg. Sarkin wrote a letter to Turk's local rationing board. The ration was increased to 1,200 miles a month. Sarkin next got Turk an apartment (a miracle in war-congested Bridgeport). Also, because it was necessary for Turk's job, Sarkin got him a telephone (a miracle today anywhere in the States). Turk says, "God knows what would have happened to me if I'd tried to make any headway on my own."

This is the way Bridgeport's Community Advisory Service Center works. It is unusual in that it is a group of community-minded civilians whose job is to get the veteran happily back into the community. They don't devote an hour a day to it and then run home to see if the chicken is getting burned in the oven. The veteran is their sole interest. Bridgeport is smart enough to realize that if the returning vets are not taken care of now, it would be the community—not the state or the nation—that would suffer most later.

The Bridgeport plan is a simple one. It is effective because everything is under one roof: the Veterans' Administration man, the Selective Service officer, the occupational counselor, the social-service counselor, the psychological-testing laboratories, a doctor, an insurance counselor, a business and financial counselor, an agricultural counselor, an experienced Government typist to fill out forms, even a nutritionist for men who come back with ulcers and need special diets.

Ordinarily, when a discharged veteran comes home and needs help of some sort, he steps onto a merry-go-round.

The way the Bridgeport Center is set up, it would be difficult for this to happen here. When a man comes in, he is interviewed by a single counselor, who takes care of everything for him by letter, telephone or in person. It is seldom that a veteran has to see anyone else. When a man doesn't know what he wants to do, the Center puts him through psychological aptitude tests. If any section of the community is needed to help out an individual vet, that section of the community is called in. And it helps—or the rest of the community knows the reason why. Thus, a vet wanting to find out about a career in architecture will be sent to discuss it with the best architect in town—by prearranged appointment.

It is this personal touch that has attracted so much attention to the Bridgeport Plan. Dozens of newspaper stories and magazine articles have been written about it. In the April 1945 issue of *Harper's Magazine*, Charles Bolté, chairman of the American Veterans' Committee, came out and said flatly, "Bridgeport has come closer to a solution than any town I know of." Hardly a day goes by without representatives from other communities visiting the city to study the Bridgeport Plan. Thirty-five other American cities and towns have already made arrangements to copy it.

And yet, Bridgeport is only one of many American cities that are working on the problem. The Veterans' Administration and state veterans' agencies admittedly are trying to do a good job. But more and more people are coming to the conclusion that the task of coordinating all these services to bring them to bear on the veteran's individual problem really is a community responsibility. That's the encouraging thing. If it can happen in Bridgeport and other communities, it can happen in your town, too.

THE Bridgeport Center has an interesting history. Less than a year ago, nobody had even dreamed of it. But Bridgeport had suffered a terrible Blue Monday after 1918, when all war contracts were immediately canceled and everyone including thousands of vets, received little slips saying, "Your services will no longer be required Monday morning." So every organization—every union, the Elks, the Moose, the I Shall Arise—had

The Center found Turk an outdoor salesman's job.

a veterans' advisory committee during this war. Every time a veteran came home, these committees would meet him at the railroad station and practically tear him apart in an attempt to grab him off and help him out. It looked very fancy and patriotic on the surface. But actually nothing was being done.

Finally the people of Bridgeport got tired of this waste motion. The Chamber of Commerce and the Post-War Planning Council went to Bridgeport's famous Socialist mayor, Jasper McLevy, and asked him to do something about it. The mayor picked J. William Hope, named him coordinator, gave him all the money he needed out of the Community Chest to set up a completely independent agency and told him to go to work. Hope was a gassed veteran of the first World War who had spent six months in a German prison camp. He had a tough time getting started after the Armistice, but now he is a former state treasurer and one of the leading certified public accountants in town.

Hope studied the plans being made by other cities. Then he bought the house on the hill overlooking Main Street and hired Dr. Randall Hamrick to run it. Dr. Hamrick had been handling psychological and organizational problems all his life. He has degrees from West Virginia Wesleyan, Northwestern and Yale, and just before he came to Bridgeport he had been head of a similar counseling center in Hartford, Conn. As the core of his staff, Hamrick signed up Meyer Sarkin, who was then state chief of occupational information and adjustment for the U. S. Employment Service; Dr. Tyrus Hillway, of the University of California and Yale, and then the dean of Hillyer Junior College, and Eleanor Sicilian, who holds a master's degree from Fordham and had been doing social service work for the Catholic Charitable Bureau.

These were all high-priced people, but the Bridgeport planners took care to budget enough to cover their salaries. A half-dozen assistants were signed up as regular staff members. Then Hamrick went to work to get the entire community engaged in the project. The whole thing is paid for by all the citizens of Bridgeport out of the Community Chest. This sum adds up to an annual budget of $35,000, which is increased to $50,000 by other private donations. All groups in the city are subject to calls for help. But no one group dominates it. It is controlled by experienced professionals, and it is kept out of the hands of well-meaning but inexperienced volunteer workers.

The bankers got together and hired a full-time financial counselor, whose office is in the Center. The insurance men have a system whereby one of their number is on duty there as a counselor at all times. It is the same with the lawyers and the doctors. The unions have a representative—Leo Dunn of the AFL bricklayers' union, labor-relations man on the city council and Community Chest.

A few months ago, the Center was ready for operation. Today it handles every conceivable type of veterans' problem.

SGT. Willoughby Lay was giving calisthenics to his ack-ack outfit on an island in the North Atlantic not so long ago. The outfit had been there for almost three years. Suddenly Lay felt faint. He reported on sick call, and in two weeks he was home. Medical discharge. Heart trouble. The Army told him nothing more. Lay was sick with anxiety. He was afraid to work. Finally the Red Cross people in Devon, Conn., his home town, sent him to Bridgeport to the Advisory Center.

Sarkin talked with Lay and arranged for a thorough examination by the Center's medical board, which includes most of the doctors and hospitals in town. One of the doctors who examined Lay was Dr. Luther Sprague, the city's leading heart specialist. In two days, the medical board filed its report. The electrocardiogram showed that Lay had a heart murmur, but it was not one-tenth as serious as he had thought it was.

Lay had been in the Army nearly five years. Before that, he had had only one year of high school. He didn't know how he was going to make a living for his wife and child. Sarkin sent him to the test room of the Center, where the department head, Helen McHugh, put him through dozens of psychological aptitude tests. He showed great mechanical skill but he couldn't do heavy work. Sarkin got him a job as a production-control-management trainee at the Milford Rivet Company near his home. Sarkin also arranged for him to take night courses in production control at the Bridgeport Engineering Institute, with the Veterans' Administration footing the bill.

Walter Trojanowski was an all-state center on the Central High School football team in Bridgeport. Then he became an air cadet, smashed up a bad shoulder in a fall from a cargo net, hurt it again on an obstacle course and finally came home on a medical discharge. He wanted one of those $250-a-week war jobs he'd been hearing about. He ended up fixing flats in a service station.

Trojanowski came to the Center in a bitter mood. "Why can't I make big money like everyone else?" he asked Dr. Hillway. "There isn't any big money unless you work day and night overtime," said Hillway. He got Trojanowski four war jobs in the best-paying plants to prove it. When the vet was convinced, Dr. Hillway started to work on him to go back to school. Today Trojanowski has a pleasant job in a chemical-testing laboratory and is getting ready to take his entrance examinations at Yale. Also available to him is a scholarship to Tulsa University.

Through patience and the cooperation of the community, the Center handles psychoneurotics and other cases who would have a hell of a time otherwise. An ex-Marine sergeant, who had made five Pacific amphibious landings, came home with a combat fatigue that gave him an obsession for wandering. He kicked around the country for six months. Then, when he thought he was cured, he came back to take a job in the state police that was waiting for him. At the Center, they found that he was not ready for the police routine. Instead, they got him a nice leisurely job running a 16-foot launch tending oyster beds for the Federal Bureau of Fisheries. Further, to aid the simmering-down process, and to prevent another attack of wanderlust, they got him an extra 10-gallon-a-week ration of gasoline from the OPA, so he could ride around the county in his car.

Another vet, trying to run a restaurant and harried by debts, his psychoneurosis, his in-laws and a bastard of a landlord, finally tried to brain the landlord with a piece of lead pipe. Then he slugged his own wife. Instead of getting arrested, the vet was sent to the Center. The Center reopened a claim for increase in pension on the basis of the vet's psychoneurosis, got him unemployment compensation, found him another house, provided psychiatric treatment, got his creditors to hold off on his debts and negotiated a loan with which he opened a lunch counter that helped put him back on his feet.

When a vet with artificial legs seemed to be getting a run-around at a war plant, the Center called in the man's foreman and, in an intelligent briefing, built up the foreman's shaky confidence in the man's ability to do normal work. When a vet named Frank Benedetto neglected to register his pregnant wife under the Army's Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program, Miss Sicilian had the birth of the baby financed by the Soldier, Sailor and Marine Fund, a state agency administered by the American Legion. When a man came home from the Pacific with a new idea for cork-lined clothespins (the cork swells with water and holds the clothes more firmly), the Center's legal department got a patent attorney in town to go through the complicated process of getting a patent in Washington for him.

Most men, when they come back, have no idea of some of the Government benefits due them. If they do, the red tape and the number of forms to be filled out frightens them. The Center takes care of these things automatically for every vet who comes in. In Connecticut, for instance, there is an exemption of $1,000 on real-estate tax for all veterans, with a $500 additional exemption for each 25-percent disability. Few vets know about things like this. Nor are they aware of unemployment insurance or the benefits their families rate under Social Security. Nearly every returning vet has forgotten to file his income-tax return, and some get in trouble over it.

Most men forget about their GI insurance when it is no longer deducted from their monthly Army pay. That can be a serious problem, since many wounded vets can't pass the physicals for commercial insurance after their GI insurance lapses. The Center keeps a full-time insurance counselor to fill out the forms necessary to reinstate lapsed GI insurance, and to disentangle vets from the wiles of unscruplous insurance salesmen who might get hold of them.

FOR the few months it has been in operation the Center has done very well. Vets hear about it mostly by word-of-mouth recommendation, although newspaper stories bring in quite a few men too. During March, 893 vets were serviced. Those I spoke with in Bridgeport were also unanimous in their praise of the Center. Ex-combat men especially were appreciative of the simplicity and lack of red tape, and of the sympathetic treatment they had received. Turk said: "They make you feel like you were the only guy they were handling." The one dissenter I found was sore because the Center had discouraged his plan to go to college. They told him that he would be better off getting a job.

Dr. Hamrick, the Center's young PhD director, doesn't claim the set-up is perfect. "We are constantly experimenting," he says, "and we have had our failures. But we must be getting somewhere, because so many other cities have heard about our plan and are following it." The failures, he explained, involve mostly alcoholics and men who come back thinking they are now entitled to everything without working for it.

After he said this, Dr. Hamrick muttered, "Excuse me," clapped his hat on his head and went out. He was looking for an apartment for an ex-GI. He returned, shaking his head. "Add housing to that list of failures," he said. "In Bridgeport today, not even the Almighty, with 10 five-star generals as billeting officers, could solve the housing problem."

Marine vet Michael Paternoster takes aptitude test.

The Center put Walter Trojanowski in a chemical lab.

Variety

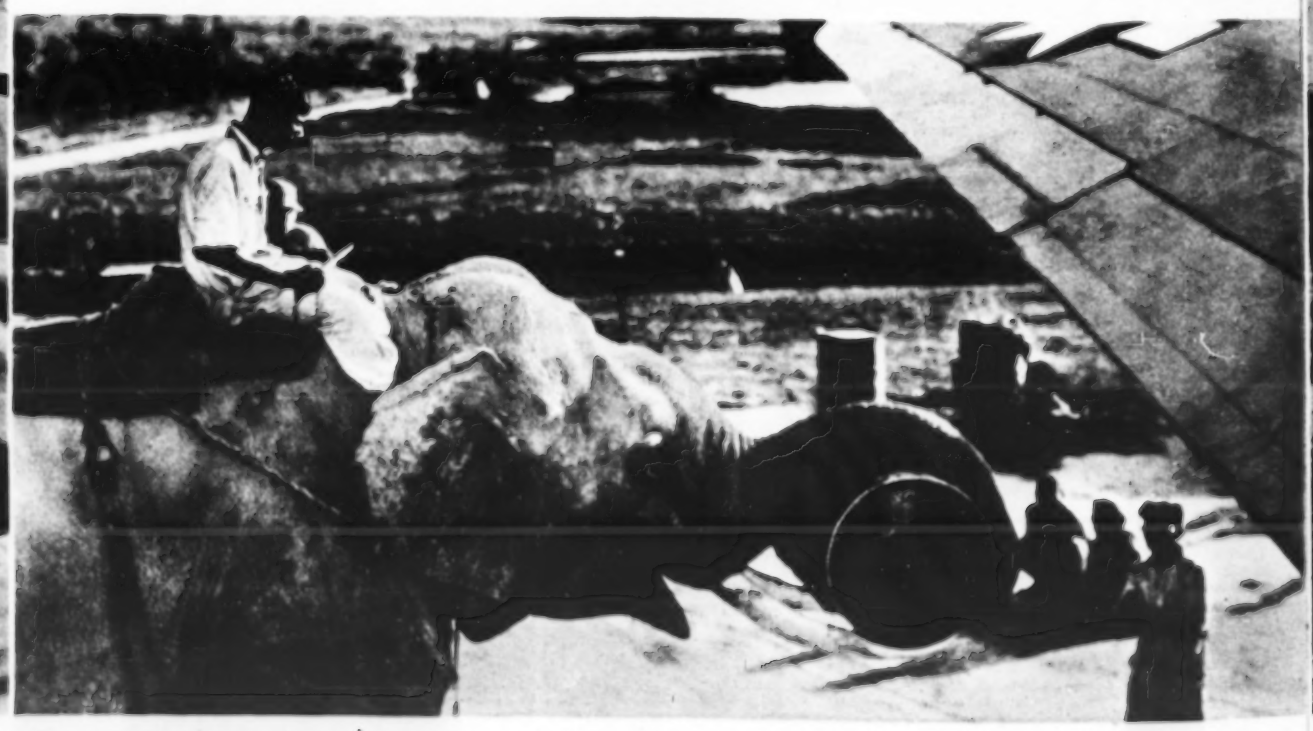
PRODUCED BY THE CAMER

REVERSE READERS. This photo, entered by Sgt. L. Fuller and Sgt. M. McCandless, won a contest held by the American Red Cross in China.

MILK BAR. This German cow is unusually hospitable to thirsty GIs on their way through Germany. The two soldiers who are getting refreshments are members of the Seventh Army.

DIVING PIN-UPS. Meet the Fairbrother sisters, in Miami Beach, Fla. They are Skippy, Jim, Pat and Betty, daughters of Butts Fairbrother, ex-jockey who once rode Exterminator.

INVASION MONEY. With Maj. Winthrop Rockefeller looking on, Pfc. Jim T. Rogers counts $10 worth of yen, given to all men before Okinawa.

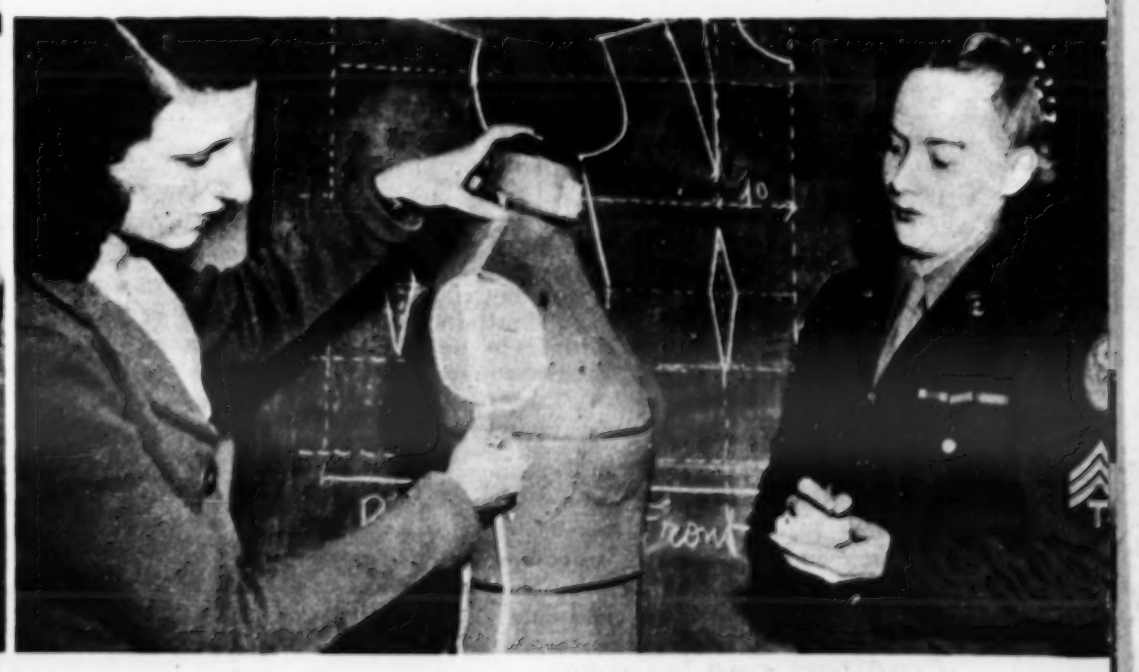


ELEPHANT LOADER. An elephant carries a gas drum to be loaded into a C-46 cargo plane on the India-China route. The ATC found an elephant could do the work of 12 coolies.

PIED PIPER. Sgt. Robert Cooper, walkie-talkie operator, like the pied piper who freed the town of rats, leads a column of prisoners through Hamelin, Germany, with two other GIs.

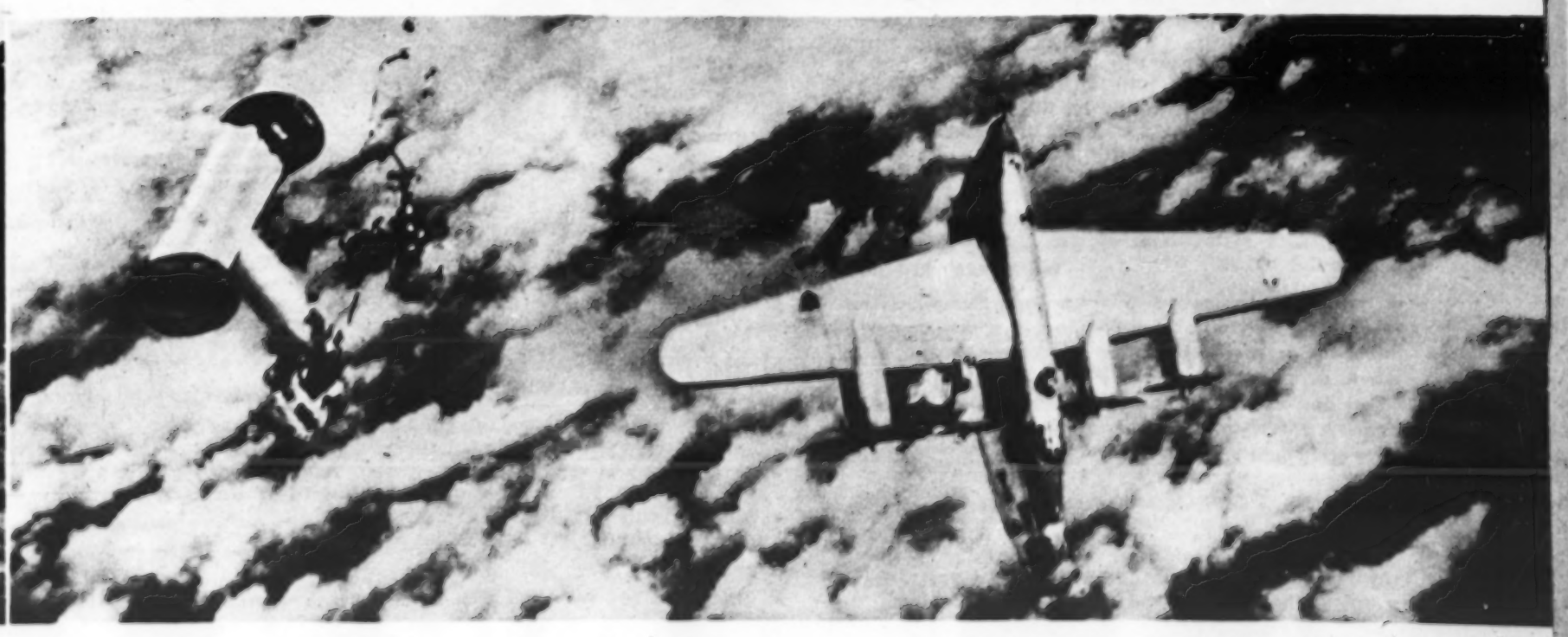
SPECIAL TREAT. GIs with sore eyes in Latin and Central America got a treat when Jean Bartel, "Miss America of 1943," visited them on tour.

TOOL RACK. A well-balanced West African soldier, from an Indian division in Burma.

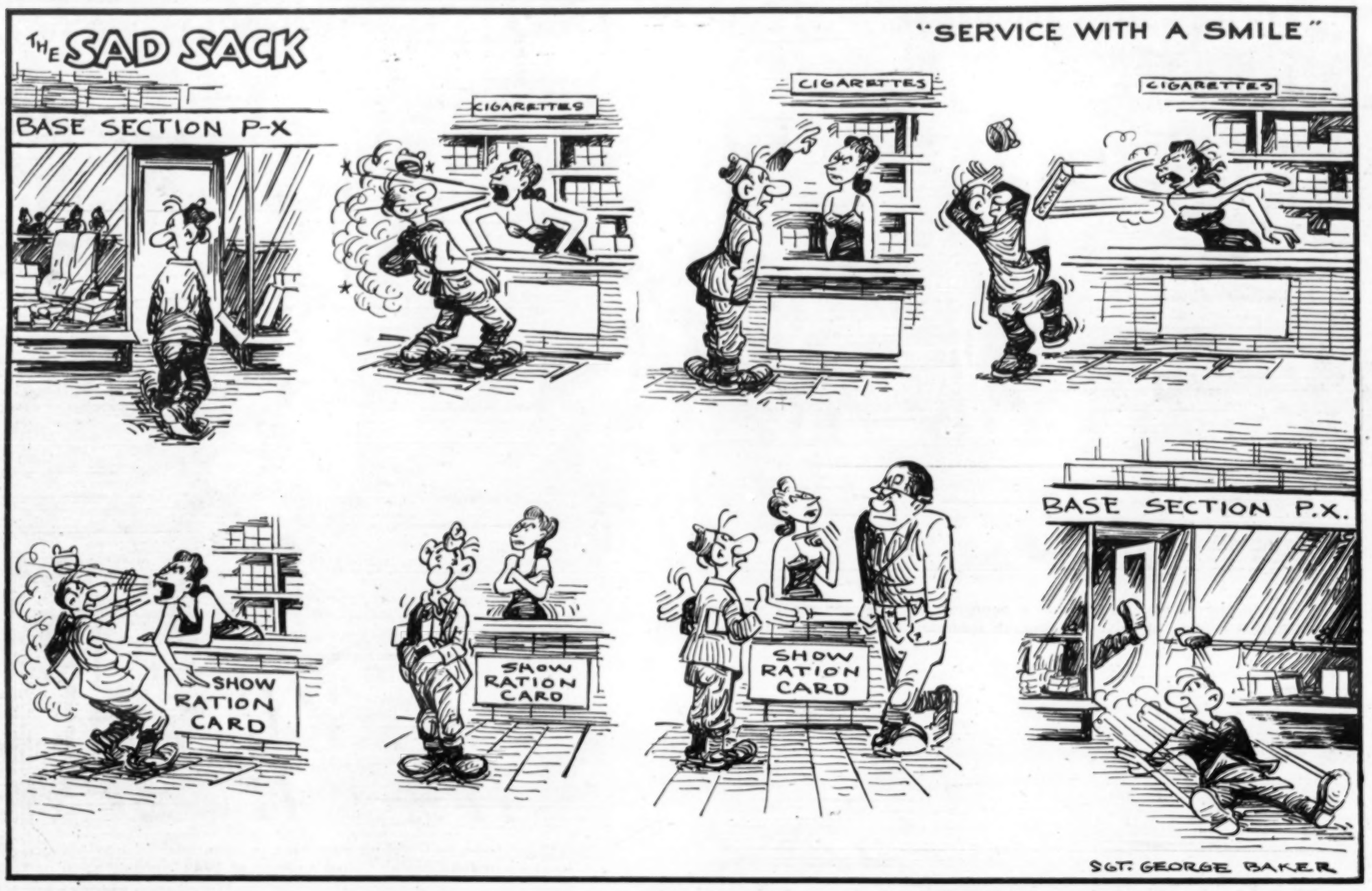


THE PARIS WAY. Wac T-4 Marjorie Solomon gets some pointers in the well-made dress from a French instructor at a designers' class in Paris.

FREAK. Propeller in a palm tree after plane crash-landed at a Pacific base.



DEATH OF A B-24. A B-24 Liberator hurtles to the ground after it was shot in half during an air attack on northwestern Germany. The bomber, part of the Eighth Air Force, had been attacking air fields and submarine yards at Kiel and Hamburg.



Family Allowance

Dear YANK:

Before coming into the Army I divorced my wife. I had one child by that marriage and the decree did not call for alimony or support of the child.

For the past two years my ex-wife has been collecting on a Class F allotment for the child. In addition she has been drawing an allotment from her soldier-husband for both herself and my child. It doesn't seem fair that she should be getting money for the child from both me and her second husband. Is there any way I can cut off my allotment to her for the child?

Newfoundland —Cpl. THOMAS R. WILLIAMSON

■ No, there isn't. The Office of Dependency Benefits says that your child is entitled to receive both allotments. The child gets $42 a month via your allotment, which is paid without regard to the court order because you are the child's father, plus $30 a month from the stepfather because the child is part of his household.

Creditors and Insurance

Dear YANK:

I had quite a bundle of debts on hand when I enlisted. In all they amount to over $1,000. Some of these creditors have been pestering me even here in Italy. That doesn't bother me much because I just throw the letters away as fast as they come in. But what bothers me is this: if I get killed will those guys be able to move in on my mother and grab the monthly checks to pay off my debts? One creditor even threatened to get a court order and put a lien on my policy. He claims he can get his hands on the money already paid into the policy in the form of premiums. Can he do that?

Italy —Pvt. MURRAY REINSBECK

■ He cannot. National Service Life Insurance policies are free from the claims of civil creditors, and they cannot be attached for your debts under any circumstances. If you should be killed your creditors will not be able to touch a nickel of your mother's payments under the policy. The money is entirely hers, and no one else can get any part of it for your debts.

Writing Your Congressman

Dear YANK:

Is it OK for a man in service to write to his congressman about national affairs? What I have in mind is this. If I want my congressman to know how I feel about the action of the United States at Yalta or San Francisco, can I write and give him my views without violating any Army regulations?

India —S/Sgt. FRANK DOWNEY

■ There are no War Department restrictions to prevent members of the Army from corresponding with members of the Congress about matters of general national interest. However, no person on active military service may attempt to influence legislation affecting the Army or procure personal favors through legislation, unless specifically authorized by the War Department (See *AR 600-10*).

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Nude Photo

Dear YANK:

Kindly tell me for what reason I was photographed twice in the nude when I was eliminated from the cadets. It happened at San Antonio in July 1943 and so far I've never thought of an acceptable answer. Frankly, that's one thing that keeps me wondering why I did wash out.

Britain —Name Withheld

■ Cheer up. You were not eliminated because you did not look good in the nude. The pictures were part of an anthropological study being made to determine the typical physical dimensions and profile of aviation cadets for use in the design of properly sized flying clothing. These photos were treated confidentially and facial identifications were eliminated.

Combat Infantry Badge

Dear YANK:

We are members of an outfit that was awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge after being in combat for months. Naturally we are all proud of the badge, to say nothing of the extra 10 bucks it has been bringing in each pay day. Now a number of us have had the badge taken away from us for such things as failing to salute an officer or being out after curfew.

As I understood it, the badge was awarded for satisfactory performance of duty in ground combat against the enemy. Is failure to salute considered unsatisfactory performance of duty against the enemy? Are we to be labeled cowards for such infractions of the rules? If this punishment is improper what can we do about it?

France —EIGHT COMBAT MEN

■ Your punishment was illegal and you should bring it to the attention of the Inspector General in your command at once. The badge may be withdrawn only "if an individual fails to perform satisfactorily in ground combat against the enemy" or if he is assigned to the Medics or the Corps of Chaplains or placed on flight pay. *WD Cir. 408 (1944).*

Longevity Pay

Dear YANK:

A short time ago I finished two years and nine months of service and immediately headed for my orderly room to get in on the longevity pay. Before I enlisted I had three months of service in the National Guard and I thought it should be added to my service time to give me the full three years for longevity pay. Instead I got into an argument and almost got a week's KP instead. They tell me the National Guard time is out because I was under 18 when I was in the Guard. Is that correct?

Hawaii —Pfc. DONALD L. HINES

■ That's correct. The Comptroller General recently ruled that enlisted service performed in the National Guard by an individual prior to the time he became 18 may not be counted for longevity pay purposes. See Sec. III of *WD Cir. 97 (1945).*

CAMP NEWS

PULCHRITUDINOUS PUPIL. Patricia McCain of the Women Marines gets some target instruction at Camp Lejeune, N. C. Pfc. Herbert Coughlin of Somerville, Mass., is the lucky coach.

Elliot Arluck (left) with his co-actors Robert Morley and Dean Jagger on the studio lot in England

PARODY JUDGES. T-4 Hy Zaret and T-4 William Stein of the Special Service Division, New York Branch, laugh at one of 6,000 entries in the YANK Parody Contest. (Winners will be announced in an early issue.)

GI Movie Star

Camp Edwards, Mass.—When it comes to bull sessions about "how rough I had it overseas," Pfc. Elliot Arluck has a tale that will stand up with the best of them. For five whole months he sweated it out as a per-diem commando on DS to the Associated British Pictures Corporation in England. And if you're inclined to doubt him, Arluck has press clippings and movie stills to back up his story of a soldier turned movie actor.

Flatbush's gift to the British screen got his start when he wrote, directed and played in a musical comedy for his Signal Service battalion in London. Based on Anglo-American relations, it was, Arluck admits, "mostly low-down burlesque," but everyone from the British public to the American general got a kick out of it. One person who liked it particularly was Herbert Wilcox, the prominent British director, who was on the lookout for a typical Brooklynite to play a role in his next picture. Arluck got the job.

Wilcox's film, "I Live in Grosvenor Square," is the story of the adventures in England of an Eighth Air Force gunner, played by Dean (Brigham Young) Jagger, and his buddy from Brooklyn. It is concerned mainly with Jagger's love for Anna Neagle, daughter of a British duke, Robert Morley.

While Arluck was fighting his celluloid war, he was stationed at a hospital near the studios. "Every morning," he says, "the studio would send a limousine to drive me to work. The guys sure thought I was hot stuff. Sometimes, even, Anna Neagle would drive me home at night."

Arluck's only previous acting experience was in skits while playing a saxophone on the "borscht circuit" for a few summers, but he hopes Hollywood will gather him to its bosom after the English film is released in the States. Anyway, Associated British has offered him more roles, so he is looking forward to a post-war movie career. As he puts it, "If Hollywood doesn't want me, there'll always be an England."

Ringbearer

Camp White, Oreg.—Cpl. Philip Eddleman and Wac T-4 Gertrude Baltruczak are safely married, thanks to a buddy and a B-25.

After Cpl. Eddleman and his bride-to-be had set out for San Francisco, Calif., 400 miles away, he discovered that he had left the two rings for the wedding back in his foot locker. Next day he phoned a pal and asked him to get the rings to him somehow. Luckily a B-25 on its way to San Francisco stopped at a nearby Army air field for refueling. The pilot was only too glad to give the buddy a ride so he could be there in time to deliver the rings and be best man at the wedding.

What do you mean, it couldn't happen? I'm the guy that got the free plane ride and a kiss from the bride.

T-3 STILLMAN CLARK

Junior Conference

Camp Shelby, Miss.—Following the suggestion of T-5 Curtis C. Bedsworth of the 601st Military Police Battalion, the Information and Education office here scheduled a Junior San Francisco Conference to be held while the Allied leaders were meeting in the coast city.

With a buck sergeant serving as moderator, plans called for the conference to start with a round-table discussion among enlisted representatives picked by democratic process from all units on the post. After this, the floor of the conference room—a service-club lobby—was to be thrown open for remarks from other soldiers who listened to the discussion.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—On furlough in Missoula, Mont., Cpl. Theresa Sandstrom remembered some wounded GIs who had been air-evacuated from Europe via Mitchel to a general hospital in Utah, so she wangled a ride in a Piper Cub to visit them. Then, when bad weather forced the plane to turn back, "Sandy" went to station KMOV and broadcast to her Purple Heart friends after they had been notified by phone that she would be on the air. A grandmother with a son fighting in Europe, Cpl. Sandstrom served in France as a nurse with the British Army during the last war.

Fort Lewis, Wash.—The Public Relations Office here received a letter from the police department of Mingo Junction, Ohio, asking for a picture of Pfc. Gale Bishop, the Fort Lewis GI who broke all scoring records at the AAU Tournament in Denver and was the nation's leading scorer. The EM who opened the letter didn't know what to think until he finished reading it. The final sentence said, "We are going to hang his picture in our sports gallery in the city hall."

AAF Redistribution Station No. 1, Atlantic City, N. J.—Cpl. Sammy Shor, an ex-New York cabby who hacked from the corner of 56th Street and Sixth Avenue as a civilian, drove a staff car in India until the CO learned his civilian vocation and relieved him from duty. "Funny man, the CO," said Sammy when he told the story. "He couldn't recognize true automotive artistry."

Ashford General Hospital, W. Va.—When Georgia Carroll, blonde singer with Kay Kyser Kollege of Musical Knowledge, was voted their "Convalescent Queen," two of the patients here made a life-sized plaster model of her, had all the patients autograph it and sent it to her. On the theory that it isn't every singer who finds a body in her fan mail, they're waiting for her reaction.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—"No birds are going to sleep when I'm awake," mumbled sleepy Pvt. Dewitt Hoffman of the Infantry Replacement Training Center when he was found wandering around shaking every tree in sight at 0500.

ARMY TRADITION

Truax Field, Wis.—Following in her family's footsteps is Pvt. Erma Goodfellow, whose father served in the Spanish-American War. Mr. Goodfellow played the trumpet in a band. Erma toots her own horn too—on her truck. She is one of the Squadron D motor-pool drivers.

—Sgt. EDITH ALLPORT

Scott Field, Ill.—Squadron L has two proud feet. Pvt. Edwin K. Proudfoot came from Keesler Field and Pvt. Edward A. Proudfoot from Amarillo. Not related, neither "foot" knew what the other was doing until they met here. Now they're both in step—in radio school.

—Sgt. HAROLD L. ASEN

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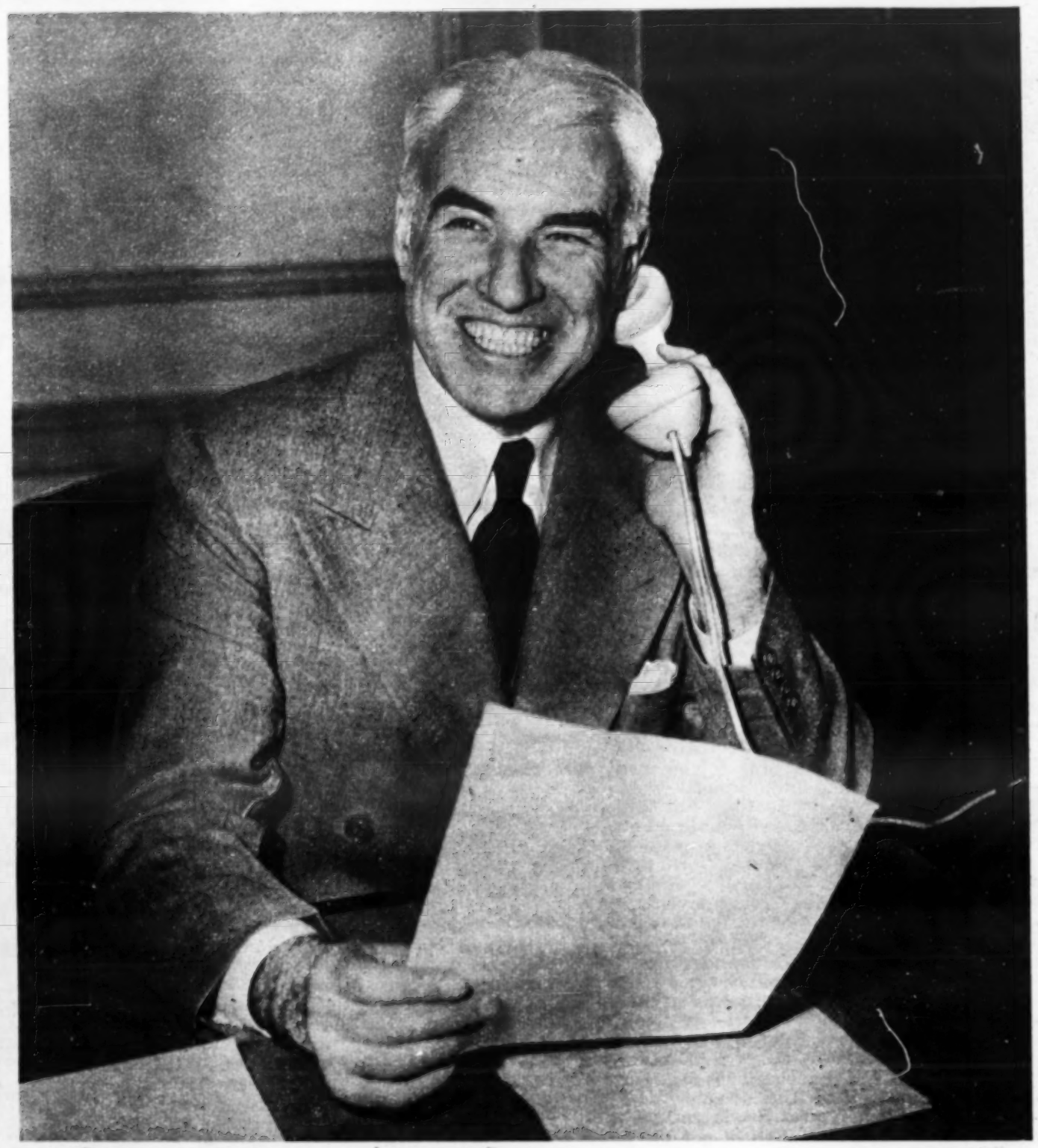

As Secretary of State of the U. S. today he will have a lot to do with the world we will all live in tomorrow.

Edward R. Stettinius Jr.

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—As a young man at the University of Virginia some 25 years ago, Edward Reilly Stettinius Jr. had a yen to convert the heathen. He wanted to be a preacher and do good things for people.

Now, after frittering around with stodgy old jobs like being chairman of the board of U. S. Steel at $100,000 a year, Edward Stettinius at 45 finally has had his wish. He is a missionary of the American people, and the whole world is his field.

As Secretary of State of the United States, he is helping to shape policies that he hopes will stop future wars before they begin. Understandably he considers this worthwhile work. If there is a better cause, he hasn't heard about it.

His friends say that he has made a remarkable rise because he is a remarkable man. These friends—and Mr. Stettinius has plenty of them in this town where friends are handy—cite his intelligence, his personal charm and his decent instincts. These friends believe it was inevitable that Ed Stettinius should have met Franklin Delano Roosevelt and that Mr. Roosevelt should have liked Ed Stettinius.

On Stettinius' part, he thinks Franklin Roosevelt was a great statesman, a great humanitarian, a great friend. Now that Mr. Roosevelt is dead, Stettinius shares the common hope of the late President's lieutenants—to help bring to fulfillment Mr. Roosevelt's great dream of freeing the world from war and want. The people who know Stettinius best say that he will devote his life to this ideal, working in any capacity, high or humble, to which he is called.

In the office of the Secretary of State, beyond the long corridors deep with history, Edward Stettinius sits behind the desk where Cordell Hull once sat. He is prematurely white-haired, a fact which figured in his being known as the "white-haired boy" of the Roosevelt Administration. He is broad-shouldered, a little under 6 feet, slim-waisted. He gestures with his right hand and clasps and unclasps his hands as he speaks. He favors a gray suit, white shirt, dark tie. "The reason people like Ed Stettinius," said a friend, "is that Ed Stettinius likes something about almost everyone." He prefers listening to talking.

A MAN who isn't ashamed of having ideals, Edward Stettinius believes, as a highly successful industrialist, in keeping his feet planted firm on the earth. He makes it clear that the job of securing the peace will not be easy.

"Our foreign policy," he says, "is based upon two hard facts—that, if we are to prevent the disaster of another war for the United States, we must find the means to act effectively with other nations to prevent aggression anywhere in the world, and that we cannot have prosperity in the United States if the rest of the world is sunk in depression and poverty.

"In other words, since we live in a world where every nation has become virtually our next-door neighbor, we cannot achieve our objectives alone but only in the close cooperation that neighbors in any American town are accustomed to practice in settling affairs that mutually concern them."

The whole problem, says Mr. Stettinius, is just that simple and just that hard.

When Mr. Stettinius was chairman of the board of U. S. Steel during the depression, he opposed the suggestion that wages be reduced in proportion to the reduced price of steel. President Roosevelt in a fireside chat congratulated the steel corporation on its "statesmanship."

There is a story in Washington that it was this stand of Stettinius that brought him into the Government. At a party in Washington that evening, so the story goes, Stettinius was talking to Jerome Frank, a Presidential advisor, when Tom Corcoran, another of Mr. Roosevelt's intimates, passed by.

Said Frank to Corcoran, "Here's the head of a big corporation, and he's gone down the line to keep the situation from falling out of bed."

Replied Corcoran, "Here's a man we'll have to go along with."

MR. STETTINIUS already knew Franklin Roosevelt. They had met first when Mr. Roosevelt was governor of New York. This was also during the depression, and Stettinius was active in the share-the-work movement. He drove to Hyde Park in a blinding rainstorm to get an endorsement from Mr. Roosevelt for a share-the-work rally in New York. He arrived unannounced, talked his way past the troopers on guard, was attacked by a police dog and finally got to see the governor's secretary. This secretary said that he could have only a minute of Mr. Roosevelt's time and ushered him into a room where Mr. Roosevelt and his mother were having tea.

Stettinius, painfully aware that the conference was to be conducted quickly, burst into an explanation of why he was there. Mrs. Roosevelt urged Stettinius to take some tea. As Stettinius reached for the tea cup, Mr. Roosevelt thrust a cigarette at him. Stettinius reached for the cigarette, upset the tea and sat down feeling a little undignified. Mr. Roosevelt asked questions about the share-the-work movement, and Stettinius, back on the beam again, answered them. Mr. Roosevelt scribbled his endorsement.

They met again during the early days of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency, and their friendship grew. Stettinius was a big-businessman with New Deal leanings. Stettinius had the friendship of Harry Hopkins and other New Deal advisors.

It was inevitable that he should come into the Government, and in 1939 the inevitable happened. President Roosevelt appointed Stettinius chairman of the War Resources Board. This board later was disbanded, but Stettinius was on his way. He became, in succession, National Defense Advisory Commissioner, director of priorities of the Office of Production Management, Lend Lease Administrator and Under Secretary of State. Then, late in 1944, after the retirement of Cordell Hull because of illness, Stettinius became Secretary of State.

This is the high point so far in the rise of the man who was a vice president of General Motors at the age of 30 and chairman of the board of giant U. S. Steel at 37.

Stettinius was born October 22, 1900, in Chicago. His father, who had made and lost a fortune as a youthful plunger in the Chicago wheat pit, became an associate of the House of Morgan. Later, during the first World War, the elder Stettinius served as aide to Bernard Baruch.

Stettinius did the conventional things for a young man in a family with money. He went to good schools and took a trip to Europe after his graduation. In 1924, Stettinius went to work for General Motors at 44 cents an hour. Five years later he was a vice president in charge of industrial and public relations.

He is married, has three sons, one 16, and twins, 11. His home is on a Virginia estate, in Culpeper County, overlooking the Rapidan River, but he seldom sees it now.

Now he is working harder than he ever has in his life, and he is happier, he says, than he ever has been. This is what he has wanted. He's spreading the gospel from one of the highest pulpits in the land. He's a missionary for a world free of war.

STEVE, JOE AND MR. HARRISON SALISBURY

By Pfc. ROBERT P. RICHMOND

FRANCE — Joe's clucking was beginning to annoy Steve. The big corporal had been at it on and off for the past 10 minutes. At intervals he would vary his clucks with a muttered "Humph."

"Stop clucking," Steve ordered.

"Humph," said Joe.

"Stop humphing, too," Steve added.

Joe frowned at him over the cover of January's *Coronet* magazine. "I can't help it," Joe informed him with dignity. "I'm reading an article. An article written by a man named Mr. Harrison Salisbury."

"Nobody," Steve said with conviction, "is ever named Harrison Salisbury."

"It's printed right here in the magazine," said Joe. "He's giving the GIs the lowdown on how they should act when they reach home again."

"Is Mr. Harrison Salisbury a GI?" Steve asked.

"I don't know," Joe responded. "The magazine doesn't tell anything about him. Suppose I read you some parts of his article, and you can see what you think. In this first part here, for instance, he says: 'How does civvie life stack up? It isn't what you thought it would be. People don't quite talk the same language, especially when you try to tell them what it was like. So you shut up except when you run into a buddy who was out there. You don't have to explain anything to him. . .'

"How do you like that?" Joe demanded. "That gives us nobody to talk with. Even if you do beat your buddy to the punch and start telling your story first, you always know that he has a topper and he's just fidgeting around until you're finished so he can find that you miss afternoon tea, or bitters, or a pub where you can play darts and push-penny."

"What's push-penny?" Steve asked.

"I don't know," Joe said. "It's something Mr. Harrison Salisbury must of played in a pub while he was drinking his bitters. He says you're going to miss it."

"I never had any bitters," Steve reflected. "I had some English beer. It wasn't very good."

"How about that afternoon tea?" Joe asked.

Steve sighed. "There was a little babe in Cardiff who wanted me to visit her folks for some afternoon tea, but my pass didn't start until 1800. So I went up to her folks' that night carrying half a dozen Nescafes. The way they acted, you'd think I had a pocketful of diamonds. But I never had any afternoon tea. I had supper-time coffee instead."

"I don't like tea, anyway," Joe said.

"I won't miss it," Steve agreed. "Read on."

"Mr. Salisbury says here," Joe continued: " 'You can do twice as much work in a day as you did before you went into the Army.' "

Steve half rose to his feet to read these fascinating words for himself, but, finding the effort required too much exertion, he sank back to his reclining position again. "True," he remarked, nodding his head. "No question about that. You can tell this man Salisbury knows the score."

"Here he says," Joe went on: " 'Maybe you are a machinist. You've learned how to disassemble a 1,500-horsepower Wright Whirlwind engine in the midst of a Sahara sandstorm. You've learned how to repair a faulty generator when the green seas were crashing tons of water right over the stacks of your tincan.' "

A tremor ran through Steve's angular frame. "To think," he said, "I almost went to Industrial High School. If I'd taken my old man's advice to be a machinist, that might have been me out there today. Instead of being holed up in this cozy Jerry billet, I might be struggling with a generator in a Whirlwind, or fixing an engine while tons of sea water came crashing over my can. It just goes to show you, Joe."

"Check," said Joe without much interest. "Do you want to know how you'll feel the first couple of weeks you're home?"

"That I do," Steve replied. "This Harrison Salisbury certainly covers a lot of territory."

"He's been around," Joe agreed. "Here's what Mr. Salisbury says you're going to think when you first hit the old country: 'For the first couple of weeks or so you wished a dozen times you were back with the old outfit in France where you knew the Red Cross gal on the doughnut trailer and the funny, middle-aged French woman who ran a bistro.' "

"A what?" Steve asked incredulously.

"A bistro, he says here," Joe replied.

Steve raised his eyebrows. "That's nice talk for a family magazine, isn't it? Suppose my wife gets hold of that and figures I'll come home with my mind full of bistros."

"He shouldn't have said a thing like that," Joe agreed. "But there's nothing wrong in thinking about the doughnut girl."

"I wouldn't mind thinking about that red-headed doughnut girl we saw when we were in Holland," Steve said.

"She came from New Jersey," Joe reflected. "She gave me two doughnuts. I told her I came from New Jersey, too. She said she was glad to meet her. Then I asked her if I could have an extra doughnut."

"They were good doughnuts," said Steve. "Did she give you an extra one?"

"Not exactly. She said to come through the line again for seconds. But I didn't feel like sweating it out for another half hour."

Steve shook his head. "And both of you from New Jersey, too."

"To hell with it," said Joe. "If Harrison Salisbury thinks I'm going to worry about that when I'm a civilian. . ."

"You're absolutely right," Steve interrupted soothingly. "Let bygones be bygones."

"If I meet her in New Jersey after the war," said Joe doggedly, "I won't even mention it."

"New Jersey's a big place," Steve pointed out. "Maybe you won't even meet her. Don't let this Salisbury bother you."

"He's not bothering me," said Joe defiantly. "If he thinks I'm going to brood over a couple of doughnuts. . ."

"LET's put the article away," Steve counseled.

Joe glared at him. "I like this article. It says here you can get reprints to 'send to your servicemen' for only a dime. I think I'll send in all my dimes. I'll plaster Harrison Salisbury all over the ETO."

"Forget it, Joe," Steve said. "He didn't mean to be personal. He didn't know anything about the doughnut."

"Cluck," said Joe. "Humph," he added as an afterthought. "I suppose it's all a typographical error, hey?"

Steve pondered this. "I suppose you might call it that," he said slowly.

"Yeah, those were the days, all right."

YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

THIRSTY Pfc. Grant Crawford of Moline, Ill., found the going cooler and smoother in Germany after he drank beer out of a German stein. He is an engineer with the 26th Infantry Division.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Signal Corps. 3—Sgt. Pete Paris. 3 & 4—Signal Corps. 6—Sgt. Walter Peters. 10 & 11—Pvt. George Aarons. 12—Upper left, Sgt. Fuller and Sgt. McCandless; lower left, Cpl. Lou Wilson; upper right, Signal Corps; center right, Acme; lower right, AAF. 13—Upper left and lower right, PA; center left, Signal Corps; upper right, INP; others, Acme. 15—Upper left, INP; lower left, Sgt. John Frano; upper right, Associated British Pictures. 20—20th Century-Fox. 23—Sgt. Art Weithas.

Mail Call

Demobilization

Dear YANK:

Me first. That is the gist of most arguments on demobilization. I hope I break the monotony since I think I should be discharged last. I am single, 20 years old and I have not had much combat, though I am an infantryman.

I believe my views on demobilization are different from most people's. Most agree that those with the most actual combat should have priority if they are not essential. They surely should be given a decent furlough in the States, but I think those married men with children should get the discharges first, even if they have only been in the Army a few days. I say this, not for the sake of the man or his wife, since there are millions of married men in the service; I say it because of the children. There is only one thing worse than growing up without a father. That is growing up without a mother.

Congress should have no reason to oppose my plan. Look at the money the Government would save in dependency allotments.

I don't know what you are fighting for, but I am fighting to protect the innocent people in the world. The only real innocents are the children.

Italy —Pvt. VINCENT A. GREENE

Dear YANK:

. . . Loads of us single boys have just as much, if not more, to go back to as many of the married men with families. We single boys don't want a break; all we ask for is a square deal.

Italy —T-5 E. CARLTON WILTON

Dear YANK:

. . . Most of them squabble over the fact that married men should be first; it seems to me that if they've been in the service and away from home for one to four years or more, that surely their family can survive for six months longer without them.

Also, the older men say they should be first. Why? So they can go and get all the jobs that are open, and have the young men wander the streets and loaf in poolrooms; it's a sure-fire way of starting a crime wave. Remember, a lot of we young fellows were too young for jobs before the war, or else we replaced the older men in theirs, so we have no jobs to go back to.

Philippines —T-5 EDWIN R. BARKLEY

Dear YANK:

We submit that age is too important to be ignored. Of the many arguments we might offer to support this contention, we mention only two:

1) We have met every demand upon us to the best of our ability.

2) The weight of loss by separation from home and community increases geometrically for each year beyond 30.

These and other considerations make it a matter of fairness that the factor of age be given considered importance in the adjusted service ratings. Let's avoid a second "Lost Generation"!

Marianas —M/Sgt. HOWARD E. DEAN*

*Also signed by eight others.

Dear YANK:

. . . Essentiality is a bad factor; we are all essential right now or we would not be in the Army. If there are non-essentials in it now, then release them at once, not after victory.

This campaign and battle-star business is absolutely unfair to men like ourselves up here in isolated places who are being told we are as important and doing as much as the men in the front lines. Somebody's wrong, because when the pay-off comes we don't stand a chance with the fruit-salad boys.

No consideration either is being given to the older men who are too old for OCS, too old for flying, too old to get a job to support their wives and homes they left, but not too old to remain in after victory to add to the expense of running the war with their added allotments. . . .

Newfoundland —S/Sgt. FREDERICK PEARSON

Dear YANK:

I wish to extend my consolations to the GIs who feel that they should be the first to be demobilized. I also wish to say I've never seen so damn many selfish, self-thinking misbegotten lunkheads all in one group as I did in a recent edition of *Mail Call*. They were all there, single men, married men, old men, young men, etc., and every darn one felt that he should be the first to be demobilized. One asserted that the men who were drafted first should be let out first. Nerts!

There still is back in the States men who were drafted first. The only way and the fair way is to take the men who have been in actual combat and send them home first, and take the men who wear the Purple Heart and put them aboard a luxury liner at the head of the list. Now, just for the records, I'm not a battle-scarred vet. I'm married and I'm stuck in the most God-forsaken spot in the whole universe—the Aleutians. But I'll wait my turn and gladly step aside for the real vets. And, regardless of how we feel about the whole thing, the matter isn't in our hands. So it's much ado about nothing.

Aleutians —T-5 M. R. SILVA

Dear YANK:

. . . Let's keep it on a competitive basis. The guy that has done the most gets out first. It's that soldier, married, single, youthful or mature, who should get that break!

Chatham Field, Ga. —Sgt. ROBERT McKINNEY

Dear YANK:

In a discussion among a group of servicemen, we have found that the below-suggested method of demobilization is most popular. It is as follows:

1) Soldiers with the most combat service first, regardless of rank, age, decorations or marital status.

2) Following the combat soldiers, the next in line should be soldiers with the most overseas service.

3) Next would be soldiers that are in the U. S. with the longest time in service and so on down the line.

4) Hold all first-three-graders that are in the States for the administrative and clerical details involved in demobilization. These men are to be chosen for this task because they have been as near to a civilian status as you can possibly get in the Army, and would be drawing as much in pay as the veteran who must seek a job and then readjust himself to its demands. . . .

Hawaii —(Name Withheld)

Dear YANK:

. . . I believe the best way to stop all this griping about who should get out first is to issue a voting ballot consisting of a number of questions on age, length of service, overseas service, dependents, etc. Each serviceman should be given the opportunity to check the answer he believes to be fair to all. With 11,000,000 men voting, the majority rule ought to bring forth the final demobilization plan. I'm sure a lot of GIs will agree to such a ballot.

Randolph Field, Tex. —Sgt. FRANK J. MULLER*

*Also signed by five others.

Correction

Dear YANK:

Correction is made to your statement of clothing allowance for enlisted men of the Navy after our first year of service. [YANK said in *What's Your Problem?* that it is $6.25 a quarter.] Enlisted men are credited $9 each quarter; chiefs $18.75, as stated.

FPO, N. Y. —REPPARD D. HICKS Y1c

■ Thanks for the correction. YANK was misinformed.

"Winged Bakery"

Dear YANK:

I just finished reading your article, "Winged Bakery," and I'm pretty steamed up about it. I didn't think it was a damn bit funny. Was Sgt. Duncan trying to be sarcastic? Doesn't he realize that the cooks and bakers are doing a damn good job?

If you can think back to '41, you will recall what happened to a whole outfit of cooks and bakers in the Pacific. They were completely wiped out. They did their job.

It's pretty tough work baking, no matter where you are. I know. I've been an Army baker for two years. I was part of the 1522 QM Bakery Company, first originated in Florida. We were sent to Hunter Field to continue in July, '44, and were highly praised for the work we did.

I won't be baking any more as I've been transferred to the Infantry, and in six weeks' time I'll be somewhere in the Pacific or Germany fighting, but I still think a lot of the cooks and bakers and always will.

Please tell Sgt. Duncan to take it easy on those boys. They're doing their bit and a hell of a lot more than some other joes are doing.

Camp Livingston, La. —Cpl. ROBERT PETVESO

War Orphans

Dear YANK:

What does our Government intend to do to help children of men who have died in combat get an education? Why shouldn't they be given an even chance in our future American democracy?

Few stepfathers will take enough interest in a child that is not his own blood to go to the trouble to give him a college education.

Why don't they have some kind of education insurance for men who have children, to be paid off when the child starts college, in case his or her father dies in combat?

What happens to the 300 bucks mustering-out pay in a case where a man

"Wilson here was with Patton."

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

that has children dies in combat? Is that lost or does the Government pay that to the wife or child?

I have never read or heard anything on this subject.

Britain —Pvt. JOHN L. MARTIN

■ In case of death in service, instead of mustering-out pay the next of kin gets a death gratuity of six months' pay.

Brother Barred

Dear YANK:

I have been very much disappointed by the people who are handling the administration of certain Army matters in Paris. Recently I had the good fortune to be sent to Paris on temporary duty for two days. While I was there I was authorized to take my meals at the casual officers' mess, and I noticed that many of the officers were registering French ladies as their guests and taking them to the dining room. I thought that was fine. But here's where the rub comes: when I tried to register my brother, an enlisted man, I was told, "Absolutely no dice."

Such a thing should never happen. If one officer is allowed to bring to dinner a French civilian female (in some cases of questionable character), why should another officer be discriminated against because he chooses as his guest his brother, who is only an American citizen and soldier? I have heard all the arguments about officers and enlisted men not mixing in public and can understand the reasons; however, I am sure the rules do not apply to an officer and his enlisted brother.

Up here, where the officers share what they have with their enlisted men, there is a fuller understanding between the two groups as a result. Can something be done to remedy this totally un-American situation?

France Lt. W. G. GILTZOW

Home-State Patch (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

I read with great personal interest the suggestion of Pvt. Leo Nahas of India [in *Mail Call*] concerning the home-state shoulder patch for this reason. The same suggestion was submitted by me in July 1944 and eventually disapproved for the following reason: "There are not sufficient facilities for the manufacture of all the various authorized shoulder insignia and it has become necessary to withdraw the manufacture of some of these insignia in order to process manufacture of the service bar to represent overseas duty."

—Sgt. PETER J. CHARNON*

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.

*Also signed by Pvt. Joe S. Barouch.

WAAC and Longevity

Dear YANK:

Secs. I and II of *WD Cir. No. 64*, dated 28 February 45, state that service in Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps may not be counted for the purpose of computing longevity pay.

Inasmuch as enlisted men and officers are entitled to claim increases in pay for longevity based on practically everything but service in the Boy Scouts, it appears that this is an open insult to the principle of volunteering to be of service to the country.

I recall that the cry was for women to volunteer to relieve a soldier for active duty. Well, they volunteered and relieved the men from their chairborne jobs (and more strenuous jobs to boot). This is a beautiful way of showing appreciation.

India —T-5 RICHARD E. JOHNSON

The Uniform

Dear YANK:

Just a line or so to let you know that some of my buddies and I have a bitch coming. I am speaking for all the EM on the base.

Here they have dances for different squadrons, and in order to get in you have to wear a blouse. Well, you know, as well as I do, that nobody likes to go to a dance with a dirty blouse. My bitch is that they won't clean your blouse unless you are going on furlough. Yet when there is free beer at the privates' or NCOs' club you have to wear a blouse.

Isn't there some way we can get our blouses cleaned without going on furlough?

Labrador —Pvt. FRANK R. HOOVER

Dear YANK:

Why can't enlisted men have one dress uniform for social functions, off-duty hours and furlough? It has been brought to my attention by many civilians that enlisted men always look so dirty. They also want to know why the officers always look so neat and clean.

I don't care how clean and fussy a person may be, he just doesn't look neat and clean in GI cotton khakis 10 minutes after he dons them. They are quite the thing for duty, but why not let us wear a nice worsted shirt and trousers off duty? We will be more than glad to take off the shoulder tabs and to wear our chevrons denoting grade.

I dropped this suggestion in an AAF suggestion box at this station, and some civilian sent me a form letter stating that ARs will not permit enlisted men to spend their own money on clothes. It seems to me that ARs can be amended. I believe it would sure help morale a great deal in knowing that you are clean.

Lakeland, Fla. —Sgt. ROLAND L. MOCCO*

*Also signed by seven others.

Dear YANK:

Why not let the enlisted man wear cloth insignia on the lapel of his blouse? The U. S., arm or service, and even distinctive insignia are often difficult to obtain in the standard hardware variety. Officers have successfully replaced metal shoulder bars with neat and practical cloth material. Why can't we adopt an equally simple and efficient program?

Fort Myer, Va. —T/Sgt. EDWARD J. GRACE

Post-War Germany

Dear YANK:

I was considerably alarmed about the remarks that Lt. Southworth made on post-war Germany in a recent *Mail Call*. Lt. Southworth praises Pvt. Swire's suggestion to control German heavy industry after the war and then proceeds to maintain that "the prosperity of all Western Europe is geared . . . to the prosperity of German industry." This brings Lt. Southworth to the conclusion that "controlling Germany industrially would only hinder world progress in general." It has been decided at Yalta that a defeated Germany will be forced to make reparations *in kind*. This will probably mean that German industry after the war will be controlled and utilized to produce the material and equipment and commodities urgently needed to rebuild a Europe devastated by German aggression and ruthlessness. I fail to see how that would hinder world progress. . . .

Italy —T/Sgt. PETER E. PRINGSHEIM

Seabees and Engineers

Dear YANK:

For the past several weeks I have been confined to a hospital. During this time I have had a chance to read a number of magazines and papers. Most of these publications were printed in the vast area of the Pacific. To my amazement, I discovered that the Seabees were winning the war single-handed. They are credited with building all air fields, roads, camps, as well as docks and bridges.

Now, please don't get me wrong. No doubt they have done a remarkable job and should get a lot of credit. But if they are doing everything, why in the hell do they have Engineer aviation battalions too numerous to mention? I happen to belong to one of these battalions, and it is better than any Seabee battalion could hope to be.

I also know we have worked day and night doing the same things that the Ninth Wonder of the World is getting all the credit for. Also there are other EABs doing the same work just as well and just as fast.

You can bet your life we are proud of our outfit but would consider a trip back to the States since the Wonder Boys can do, and have done, everything. Perhaps our efforts would be more appreciated on the home front.

Marianas —Sgt. JOHN BEASLEY

Flushing the Jap

Dear YANK:

I would like to offer a suggestion to speed up the completion of the island fighting in the Pacific. This may be far-fetched or thought of before now but, if not, here goes. Throughout this island-to-island fighting we have been encountering much opposition on the various atolls, due to the fact that the Japs have buried themselves underground. The only devised means, so far used, for digging them out has cost us a great deal of men as well as material and time. My suggestion is that we drop a hose trunk line into the ocean fitted to an armored tank with a motor like that on a fire engine to increase the pressure of water hoses. With this device they could flood the pillboxes, causing the Japs either to come out or drown.

I also want to add another suggestion for the use of this device, which is similar to the New York Fire Department's pressure-hose system that they use on apartment-house fires. This also could be used for knocking out or setting up a barrage against machine-gun implacements.

Laredo, Tex. —S/Sgt. HARMON L. FIELD

Pens for Clerks

Dear YANK:

The question, why aren't clerks and other administrative people issued fountain pens, has been foremost with us. Yes, a pen isn't too expensive for most of us, but where are you going to get the pen to buy. Each month there is a limited supply, and to make the rationing of that item fair and just, the PX officer holds a raffle in which names are drawn by the group chaplain. Well, it's logical that the people that need the pens the most don't ever seem to win in the raffles.

It is just as essential for a clerk or administrative specialist to have a fountain pen issued as it is for the issue of flashlights to truck drivers or watches to the first two grades, etc. What can be done to give us a break? Mechanics are not asked to perform their jobs without adequate tools.

India —Cpl. ROBERT A. SHAPIRO*

*Also signed by 23 others.

T-5, Permanent

Dear YANK:

The company clerk, an almost indispensable man in any outfit, is the most poorly rated individual in the Army. What do the Army smarts tell us? "You are the understudy of the first sergeant." If the first sergeant loses his rating or something happens to him, does the understudy ever get that job? You bet your life he does not. Either a platoon sergeant or one of the first-three-graders will move up a notch to be supported by this flunky.

What have you got here? Usually the keenest mind in the outfit has not a chance of promotion, no hopes of ever getting to be anything but a corporal. The longest hours to work, plus more responsibility than the company commander himself, are his lot. In my opinion it is a damn poor setup.

France —T-5 JAMES L. THOMAS

Fire-Fighting Tanks

Dear YANK:

Why aren't several tanks in an armored division equipped for fire-fighting? The idea occurred to me while serving with an armored division in France. Many times a burning tank or half-track held us up on a road or made a city street too dangerous to enter, because of the exploding ammunition. At night a burning vehicle illuminated other vehicles or men, making an excellent target.

If a fire-fighting tank could have a hose instead of its 75-mm gun and chemicals for fire extinguishing, it could safely go near enough to a burning vehicle to extinguish the fire.

Camp Carson Colo. —Pvt. MARK SLEN

Teen-Agers

Dear YANK:

Thanks for the article on teen-agers in a recent YANK, I sure did enjoy reading it very much. The picture was very typical of the thousands of teen-agers all over the U.S.A. As for myself, it was only six months ago that I was seated in our teen-age assembly. Thousands of guys in the armed forces who are teen-agers receive YANK every week. These fellows like this kind of news. We haven't forgotten those days yet and we hope to be back home before we do.

France —Pvt. W. A. TARTT

Dear YANK:

On behalf of all first sergeants in the CBI or any other theater, for that matter, I would like to condemn both YANK and Pfc. Debs Myers for a paragraph in the article, "The Teen-Agers," referring to first sergeants as jerks.

YANK is on the downgrade when staff writers waste time, paper and the taxpayers' money to slur the characters of the Army's first sergeants.

Burma —1st Sgt. GEORGE U. STINNETT

Army of the United States
Honorable Discharge
This is to certify that
John Dough
Army of the United States
is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States of America.
This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service to this country.
Given at Fort Suchansuch, N.M.
Date 7 December 1971
PAUL F...
Colonel, Inf.
Commanding

What It Looks Like

Dear YANK:

Most all GIs are looking forward to the time they will receive their honorable discharge.

My buddies and I would like to see just what one looks like. Wonder if you could publish a small picture of one for us?

India —Pvt. ORAL C. HOWARD*

*Also signed by Pfc. Bob Ontiveros, Pvt. R. C. Gatlin and Cpl. Wm. H. Stevens Jr.

Gene Tierney
YANK
Pin-up Girl

NAVY NOTES

Precocious. "The United States Navy is a handful of fir-built frigates with bits of striped bunting at their mastheads, manned by bastards and outlaws."

So said an editorial in the London *Times* during the War of 1812. The American Navy was then less than 20 years old and the country itself was younger than the U.S.S.R. is today. Democracy was an experiment about which many still had misgivings and these were the darkest days of the experiment. American forces had been defeated on land, Washington was captured and the White House burned, and U. S. ports were blockaded by the British fleet.

But the "handful of frigates" were ships like the *Constitution* and *Constellation*, and the "bastards" knew how to handle them. With British sea power tied down in Boston and New York, the Americans harried shipping in the English Channel and inspired frantic appeals for help to the Admiralty in London. Their ships were fast (13 knots), carried 52 cannon, handled smartly, and on a beat to windward outclassed all warships of the day.

Fantastic exploits of the infant Navy multiplied. The *Constitution* took on two ships at once and disabled and captured both. These were hit-and-run affairs and not the decisive defeats that the U. S. Navy is administering today, but they provided a lift to the national morale and changed the tone of London press opinion within seven months. The *Times*, unhampered by present-day rules of security, then wrote:

"Another British frigate has struck her colors to an American. This is an occurrence that calls for serious reflection—this and the fact that Lloyd's list contains notices of 500 British vessels captured in seven months by the Americans. Anyone who had predicted such a result of an American war last year would have been treated as a madman or a traitor. Yet down to the present not a single American frigate has struck her colors. They leave their ports when they please; they traverse the Atlantic; they advance to the very chops of the Channel. Nothing pursues, nothing intercepts, nothing attempts to escape them but to yield them triumph."

This was the auspicious beginning of what is now known as American Navy Tradition.

NAVCOMSTUF. The Navy has always used phrase equivalents in letters and communications—such things as CINCPOA for Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Ocean Areas, and COMPHIBTRALANT for Commander, Amphibious Training, Atlantic. Now the Bureau of Personnel is adding 136 more phrase equivalents which will greatly reduce the burden on communications facilities.

For example, supposing Lt. Comdr. Richard H. Parke, who will be relieved by Lt. George Mooney about 18 April, is ordered to proceed to New York, by air if possible, report to the Navy Yard for a course at the Fire Fighters School after 10 days' delayed orders, then report to the Commandant of the Twelfth Naval District for transportation to the Commander, Service Force, Pacific Fleet, for assignment to duty in connection with fire protection of advanced bases.

Here's how Lt. Comdr. Parke's formal orders would read:

"Lieutenant Commander Richard H. Parke, (E). USNR, when relieved by Lieutenant George Mooney, (E), USNR, and when directed by the Commandant, Tenth Naval District, on or about 18 April detached from duty in the Tenth Naval District and from such other duty as may have been assigned; proceed to a port in the United States via first available transportation, including air, and upon arrival further proceed to New York, N. Y., and report to the Commandant, Navy Yard, for temporary duty at the Fire Fighters School. Upon the completion of this temporary duty under instruction and when directed by commanding officer, detached; proceed to San Francisco, Calif., and report to the Commandant, Twelfth Naval District, for first available transportation, including government or commercial air, to the port in which the Commander, Service Force, Pacific Fleet, may be and upon arrival report to the Commander, Service Force, Pacific Fleet, for further assignment to duty in connection with fire protection of advanced bases. Authorized to delay for a period of ten days in reporting at New York, N. Y., in compliance with these orders, such delay to count as leave. Keep the Bureau of Naval Personnel and your new station advised address."

Reduced to abbreviated phrase equivalents, these orders may now be transmitted by dispatch as follows:

"LTCOM RICHARD H. PARKE E USNR RELBY LT GEORGE MOONEY E USNR DIRDET ABOUT EIGHTEEN APR PROCEED US FATRANSINCAIR ARPROREP COMDTNYNYK TEMINS FIRE-FIGHTERSCOL X COMPTEMINS DIRDET PROREP COMTWELVE FATRANSGOVMERAIR PORICH CONSERVPAC ARREP FURASDUCON FIRE PROTECTION OF ADVBASES X DELREP TEN DAYS NYK."

You can see what it will save.

Umbriago. The first Seabee artillery team was activated on Iwo. Frederick E. Althaus SF2c of Lowell, Mich., and Earl R. Elliott F1c of Akron, Ohio, were wielding their shovels in front of a Marine battery which was lobbing howitzer shells over their heads into Jap positions. They were burned up because they had been trained to use howitzers but were stuck with shovels, and they voiced their bitch to Marine Cpl. John Sidor.

"So you wanta win the war," said the marine. "Okay, gents, here's your chance." As a result of their work with the howitzers the 'bees got partial credit for destroying a pillbox and inflicting casualties on the Japs.

As Jimmy Durante says, "Ev'rybody wants ta get inta da act!"

"Are you really that thirsty or are you just making like an LST?" —H. G. Peters S1c

Contest. All officer and enlisted personnel of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard are eligible to submit entries in a Navy Show contest sponsored by the Committee on Scripts for Soldier and Sailor Shows of the Writers' War Board.

The board, composed of 10 outstanding writers and actors, will award a total of 41 prizes in War Bonds, ranging from $500 to $25. The contest will open May 1, 1945 and close August 1, 1945. Winners will be announced October 15, 1945.

Material eligible for submission will be sketches, skits, blackouts, monologues, MC patter and songs, suitable for either stage or radio production, comedy or serious, and based on actual or imaginary experience. There should be three copies: One to be kept by the contestant and two to be sent to Navy Contest, Writers' War Board, 122 East 42d Street, Room 509, New York 17, N. Y.

Overseas Screening. Steps are being taken to stop sending physically unfit men on overseas and sea duty because such cases are cluttering up the medical facilities in advanced areas.

A joint memorandum from the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery and the Bureau of Personnel points out that the primary responsibility for correcting physical defects is with the commanders of naval training centers and the final responsibility with the commanders at ports of embarkation.

To correct this situation, a careful physical examination of overseas drafts will be made at embarkation ports and the physically unfit will be eliminated. Also officers in charge of intermediate activities through which personnel pass, between training center and embarkation port, are expected to watch for physical defects that may have been overlooked at the training center.

Changes in Regulations. The practice of turning in ID cards and using them only when on liberty is now discontinued; the card should be in the possession of the individual at all times. . . . It is now possible to get a priority for air travel in the U. S. for emergency leave, last leave before embarkation and leave between periods of sea or overseas duty (except temporary-duty groups arriving in the U. S.). An air-priority certificate must be obtained from the CO. . . . COs are authorized to discharge qualifying reservists under 31 in the RT and ART ratings (radio and aviation-radio technicians) for immediate reenlistment in the Regular Navy for four years. . . . Since a stenciled belt has often been the only means of identifying the remains of a man after an explosion, COs have been instructed to see to it that all belts are legibly marked with the owner's name and service number. . . . A new specialty mark for aviation storekeeper has been established, consisting of wings attached to the crossed keys. . . . Distinguishing marks for seaman fire controlman, seaman signalman and seaman radioman have been canceled; only Class A school graduates, steward's mates, hospital apprentices and buglers are authorized to wear distinguishing marks. . . .The smartness of the WAVES uniform has again been enhanced, this time by a sterling-silver and gold-plated pin-on insignia, duplicating the embroidered lapel insignia and worn on the left side of the new garrison cap. —DONALD NUGENT Sp(X)3c

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

PVT. ART BERGEN, formerly of B & C School, Fort Sheridan, Ill.: write T-5 Robert Hall. . . . Anyone having information concerning LT. MILTON C. BERNSTEIN, last heard of in Co. B, 526th Armd. Inf. Bn., APO 655: write Robert S. Bernstein, AM1c. . . . Anyone knowing the whereabouts of T-4 BURTON E. BJORGE, formerly in the 2201 Signal Bn., somewhere in the Philippines: write Pfc. Mary M. Mullens. . . . LT. BREID, ANC, once at Fort Devens, Mass.: write Pfc. Arthur Smallwood. . . . S/SGT. PHIL BROOKS, last heard of at Camp Williston, Boulder City, Nev., in the QM: write T-4 Preston Sandbo. . . . LT. HOWARD G. CARPENTER, supply and transportation officer of a fighter-control squadron in India: write S/Sgt. T. B. Dukes, F/Sgt. T. B. Harton Jr., S/Sgt. R. E. Thomas and Sgt. Art Gallman. . . . CAPT. ARTHUR CARTER (former mayor of Amsterdam, N. Y.) last heard of in Italy: write Peter P. Viterbo. . . . CPL. JOE DAMINO of Clifton, N. J., last heard of in Alaska with a Chemical Warfare Outfit: write Pfc. George N. Biro. . . . S/SGT. IGNATIUS J. DEICIDUE at Barksdale Field, La., in 1942: write Pvt. Edwin Thigpen. . . . THAD DMUCHOWSKI, somewhere in the Southwest Pacific: write Cpl. Leo A. Jankowski. . . . LT. DONALD E. DOOLEY: write S/Sgt. Kenneth I. Colville. . . . F/O J. B. DICK: write T/Sgt. V. L. Mogel. . . . PVT. JEANNE EMORY, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.: write Lt. Francis J. Brandl. . . . LT. L. F. ETTLINGER: write T/Sgt. V. L. Mogel. . . . SGT. M. E. GEARKE of a bomber group last heard of at a gunnery base in Arizona: write S/Sgt. Clyde W. Schaffer. . . . JAMES E. GRIFFEN, last heard of at McCook, AAB, Nebr.: write Cpl. Johnnie Scott. . . . CAPT. HUGH S. CROSSON, last heard of in New Guinea: write Benjamin Ernest Griffin SK1c. . . . JOHN HANRAHAN, last heard of in Madison, Wis., in 1942 at a radio school: write S/Sgt. George A. Lazzatti. . . . PVT. WILLIAM HOYT, somewhere in Alaska: write Pvt. William B. Burr. . . . S/SGT. MIKE KOCHALKA, formerly a P-40 pilot at an Advanced Flying School in Texas: write Maj. William J. Young. . . . LOUIS KUPENACK of South Side, Pittsburgh, Pa., last heard of in the 2d Field Division, Colon, Panama: write John Mioz Bkr3c. . . . SGT. RAMON LOPEZ, last heard of somewhere in France in 1944: write Pvt. I. Ramos. . . . CAPT. GORDON MCGOUGH, somewhere in the ETO or States: write 1st Lt. Ed R. Hickerson. . . . T/SGT. AL MULLINS (Medics): write T-5 John Molon. . . . 1ST LT. ROBERT H. MURRAY, last heard of at Muroc, Calif., in 1942: write 1st Sgt. Henry T. Cameron. . . . CLIFFORD (DITTY) NEVILLE, last heard of at Keesler Field, Miss.: write Lt. Fred O. Myers. . . . PVT. JAMES P. NORTON JR. of Franklin, N. C., once at Fort Custer, Mich.: write Pvt. W. A. Setser. . . . Anyone having information concerning LT. WILLIAM (BILLIE) L. PEARCE, last heard of in Italy: write Sgt. R. H. Reynolds. . . . Anyone knowing the whereabouts of CPL. GEORGE PEETZ, last heard of with the 650 TSS, OCS, Miami Beach, Fla.: write Pfc. Harry Rosenberg. . . . JAMES H. REED of Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.: write Cpl. Burton E. White. . . . Anyone having information of EMMET J. REILLY, killed in France Sept. 13, 1944: write Pfc. William J. Reilly Jr. . . . GERALD R. REINDOLLAR on Corregidor from 1934 to 1936: write Maj. E. P. Glenn. . . . PVT. ARNOLD SANDERS, last heard of at Camp Gruber, Okla., in 1944: write Pvt. Harry L. Snyder. . . . CPL. DOUG STOREY of Florida: write Pfc. Dave Goldberger. . . . PVT. ARTHUR TRIFENKJIAN of the 83d Inf., last heard of in France: write Pfc. John K. Rustigian. . . . NORMAN WALD (wrote the lyrics to "Beneath a Texas Moon") with the 818th Tank Destroyers, Co. D, in 1943: write Cpl. Stanley Soehlman. . . . DARREL WALKER of Oak Park, Sacramento, Calif.: write S/Sgt. J. F. Johnson. . . . 1ST. LT. ROBERT G. WEAVER, MAC, last heard of at OCS, Medical Administration Corps, Carlisle Bks., Pa.: write S/Sgt. F. J. Weaver. . . . ROBERT L. WILMETH, last heard of at Fort Stockton, Tex., and Marana, Ariz.: write Pvt. Robert H. Deighton.

THIS young lady was born in Brooklyn on November 20, 1920. She landed in Hollywood via the Broadway stage. Her full name is Gene Eliza Tierney, but she's never played "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She is 5 feet 5½ tall, weighs 115, has green eyes and brown hair. The hair will turn blond in her new movie for 20th Century-Fox, "A Bell for Adano."

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

"Sit down, Sergeant. I'll be with you in just nine minutes."
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell, Santa Ana AAB, Calif.

Movie Review

"PICKUP"—A Usarmy Picture starring Sgt. Albert Epley, Cpl. Victor Leffingwell and Eunice Hopper. Directed by T/Sgt. Leonard Wastrel. Produced by U. S. Signal Corp, in cooperation with U. S. Medical Department.

A CAPACITY audience greeted the premiere showing of "Pickup," a melodrama of wartime romance, which opened a short run at the Post Theater yesterday. Adapted from the best-selling novel, "Shack Date," the movie reworks an old theme into excellent summer fare, a must on every GI filmgoer's list.

The story relates the adventures of a frustrated, headstrong soldier, stationed at a camp near a large city, who becomes eligible for a furlough home. Arranging his train reservations at the depot, he starts a conversation with a winsome, trim-figured girl who seems bewildered by the confusion of the place. They decide to celebrate his good luck with just a few beers at a nearby watering place. He is completely taken in by her pretended naivete and unworldliness, though the audience soon understands that she "has been around," to use a popular current phrase.

Hours later the two are embracing on a park bench under weak lamplight. His caution dulled by drink and passion, and encouraged by the sly little vixen, the boy makes a *faux pas.* As he stumbles into his bunk that night, his buddy asks if he stopped in for a medical briefing. "Aw, I'm too tired," he says. A fortnight later he reports to the base hospital with a curious complaint. The diagnosis upsets him. "She looked so neat," he moans.

The denouement of the soldier's dilemma is a startling departure for films of this sort. We won't reveal the ending here, for it would spoil the reader's enjoyment of the picture. The management, in fact, has announced that no one will be seated during the last five minutes.

Probably the thing that will appeal most to the average movie fan is the fine acting jobs turned in by two little-known players. Sgt. Epley, who last year played a bit role in his first film, "Military Customs and Courtesy," certainly wins stardom with his stirring performance. At the sneak preview in Hollywood last month it was predicted he would be high up in the running for an Academy Award Oscar this year. His studio already has cast him for the lead in "Building Emergency Sanitation Pits."

Eunice Hopper brings to the role of Vivian (Veedee) Johnson, the girl, a true feeling for the emotional instability and appealing youthfulness that typify so many of today's khaki-wacky kids. This is the same type of thing she did as the tavern waitress in "Resisting Enemy Interrogation." She is now being considered for a part in Chemical Warfare Service's "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," a new superproduction which may run into three reels.

Technically the film is excellent, especially in the last scenes in the hospital, which achieve a strong documentary pattern. Noteworthy is the realistic decor in the clinic, when the routine Army medical treatment is dramatized and precautionary measures discussed pro and con. In the early romantic sequences Director Wastrel has used the thematic background music of the 1026th Army Air Forces Band to good effect, especially the tympani.

Altogether it looks like another box-office smash from Usarmy. In fact, "Pickup" is being held over for another day at the Post Theater to accommodate those men who haven't already seen it. Due to the rather mature theme of the picture, however, no soldiers under 18 will be admitted unless accompanied by their platoon sergeant.

Fort Logan, Colo. —Sgt. HY BAKER

THROUGH CHANNELS

The general inspects us and everything's fine.
A soldier, no less, is each man in line;
The barracks are neat, as clean as can be;
Supply-room and mess are a wonder to see.

The general turns to the colonel and prates:
"Triple-A-One is what this outfit rates.
Please issue a three-day pass to each man
On top of a week end to spend on his can."

The colonel then phones to the outfit's BC
And says, "Two-day passes for half the battery,

"You'd better keep a closer eye on the mess halls, Hubert. I heard two soldiers complaining that they get too much chicken." —Cpl. Art Gates, Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.

The rest must remain as punishment, for
I noticed a speck of dust on the floor."

The captain then to the first sergeant gasses.
"One-fourth the men get twelve-hour passes.
The others you'll detail to scrub the floor,
To polish the windows and paint the door."

The first sergeant falls the men into ranks,
With, "Okay, you bastards, this is your thanks:
The joint was filthy, as I suspected.
For the next five days you're all restricted!"

Camp Gruber, Okla. —Cpl. JACK C. BELL

LINING, SILVER

Nobody cares if I'm bitter;
Nobody cares if I'm low.
To the hats with the brass
I'm a name on a pass,
A serial number, a joe.

Nobody cares if I'm desperate;
Nobody cares if I'm sunk.
But the gist of it all
Makes me happy withal,
Because nobody cares if I'm drunk.

Greenwood AAF, Miss —Sgt. ROBERT W. CAHOON

POEM FOR A T/SGT., WAC

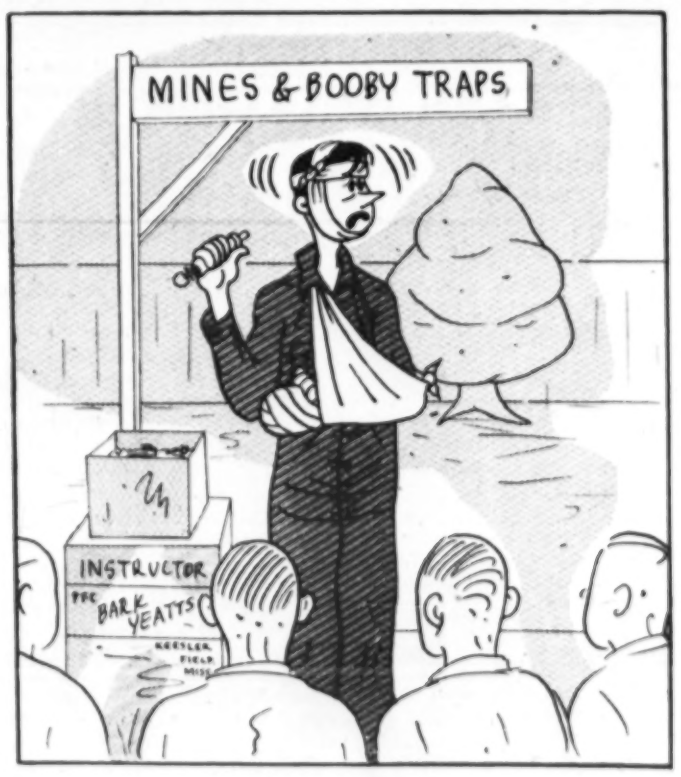
Fat little woman, I love you good,
Love to scrape when I could be rude,
Love to watch you eat your food
At noon.

Wherever you go business is fine,
You could turn vinegar into wine,
So slick like a fender is your line,
So sweet your tune.

Lady executive, on top of the list,
Ten to one you've never been kissed
Under a willow pale as mist
Under the moon.

Swannanoa, N. C. —Pfc. GLORIA MARCHISIO

"Thirty days hath September, April, June and ——"
—T/Sgt. Frank Borth, Indiantown Gap, Pa.



"And remember, men, you can't be too careful with these damned things." —Pfc. Bark Yeatts, Keesler Field, Miss.

Pfc. Delman Cather of the 3d Bomb Group shown with his ace rooster, Sad Sack, before bout. Cather paid 70 pesos for the Sack.

Here Cather (right) posts his part of the wager with unidentified GI stakeholder while Navy Chief Earl Hensen (left, back to camera), owner of Sack's opponent, reaches for his cash.

COCKFIGHT in the PHILIPPINES

Cockfighting, illegally staged behind barns in the U. S., is popular with GIs on the islands. Sgt. Art Weithas of YANK took these photos of match between cocks owned by a GI and a Navy man at San Jose, Mindoro.

Murderous spurs taped to fighting cocks' legs are their weapons.

Rivals "warmed up" by being held head to head and allowed to peck each other.

By the time cocks are turned loose in pit they are so excited that they immediately fly at each other in flurry of feathers.

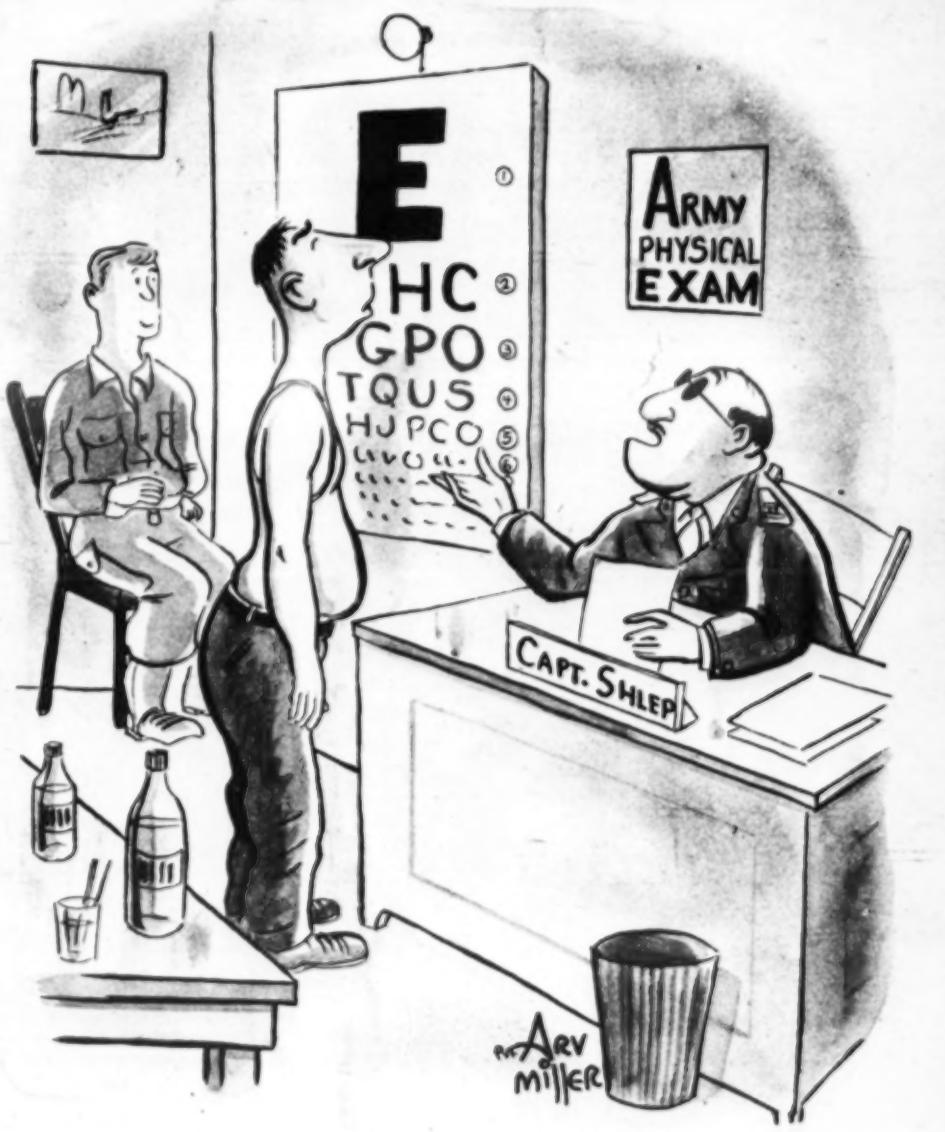
Sad Sack won, but was wounded so badly he had to be destroyed.

Crowd consists of GIs, sailors and Filipinos, who bet on favorites and take intense interest in fight, which continues until one or both cocks are killed or too maimed to struggle.

"SO IF ANYONE FEELS THEY'D LIKE TO CHALLENGE MY AUTHORITY, I WISH THEY'D STEP OUT NOW."
—T/Sgt. Frank R. Robinson

"FRANKLY, SEAVER, YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE AIR FORCE!"
—Sgt. F. H. Phillips

"AND FURTHERMORE, I THINK YOUR LAST PICTURE STUNK!"
—Sgt. Al Melinger



"THAT'S FINE. NOW READ THE SECOND LINE."
—Pvt. Arv Miller

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